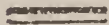


COLONEL BERKLEY

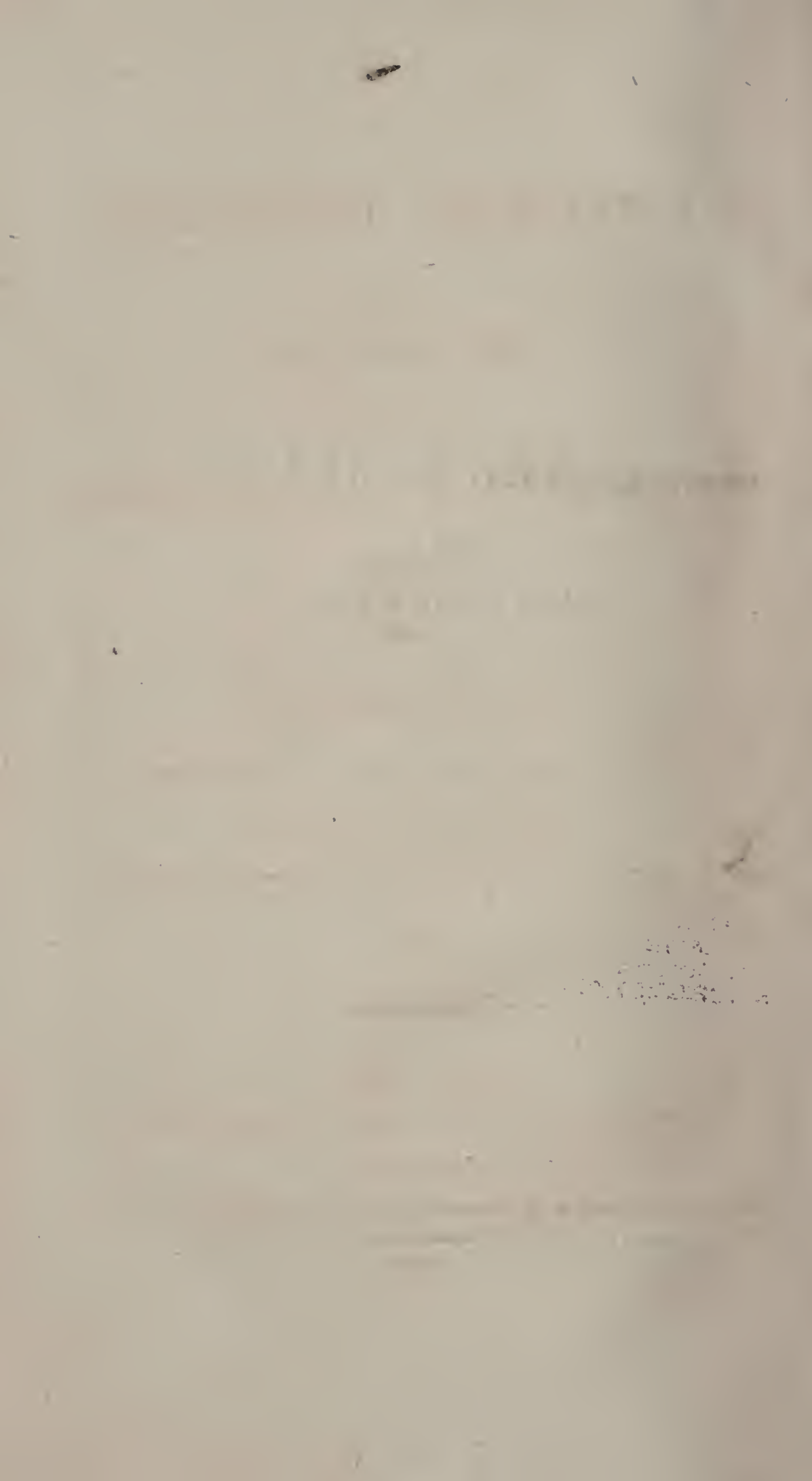
AND

HIS FRIENDS.



A TALE.

Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall-Street, London.



COLONEL BERKLEY

AND

HIS FRIENDS;

CONTAINING

SKETCHES OF LIFE SOUTH OF THE POTOMAC.

A Tale.



IN THREE VOLUMES.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui. VIRGIL.

What I have heard, permit me to relate.

LIBRARY
OF THE
SUP. COUNCIL,
JURISDICTION.

VOL. I.



NEW - YORK :

PRINTED FOR W. B. GILLEY, 92, BROADWAY.

LONDON :

REPRINTED FOR A. K. NEWMAN & CO. LEADENHALL-STREET.

1825.

PZ3

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

copy 2

Exchange
Library of Supreme Council A.A.S.R.
Dec 10, 1940

COLONEL BERKLEY

AND

HIS FRIENDS.

CHAPTER I.

And heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed.

Douglas.

AT an inn, which the reader is at liberty to imagine placed on any spot of ground south of the Potomac, which may be considered as a desirable stand for a tavern, commences our story. Of this inn the landlord was a publican of no mean extraction ; but having squandered a very large estate, after the most approved method prevailing in his country, he took up the not unwise idea, though truly it was form-

ed somewhat after the *lex talionis* fashion—that it was his turn to prey on those who had so long preyed upon him. In pursuance of this design, he set up before his door a sign, with the whimsical representation of a fox pursuing a pack of hounds, under which was inscribed the following couplet:—

“ The ***** fox hath smelt a rat,
You ***** dogs beware of that.”

And thus did he contrive to have it fully understood, that the custom at his house was to be henceforth, “ *touch pot, touch penny.*”

In what year of American independence a chariot drove to the door of this inn, from which a very portly gentleman alighted, is left to the fancy of the reader. I will merely mention, by way of assisting chronological speculation, that the four horses by which it was drawn were of four colours, thereby placing it as far back upon the capture of Cornwallis as possible.

Having thus surrendered time and place to the discretion of my readers, I hold my-

self accountable for no infraction of the unities which may occur in the following pages.

The landlord received the portly gentleman, whom I shall call colonel Berkley, with marked respect. Some questions were asked and answered as he alighted from the carriage. As they ascended together the steps of the piazza, the conversation was thus continued:—

“What, no barbacue?”

“No, colonel, no barbacue to-day.”

“What, how!—what is the meaning of all this, sir?” said the colonel sharply;

“where is Charles Belton?”

“Squire Belton is dead, colonel,” said the landlord.

“What, how!” cried the colonel, in amaze—“Charles Belton dead? Impossible! he was well the week before last.”

“The week before last!” returned the landlord; “he was well the day before yesterday; took his bitters here, on his way to the green landing, as brisk as a buck, ate as hearty a dinner of fish as man

could desire, and was gone before the second toast went round ; swallowed glorious George in a bumper, and was dead before he could drink sensible Tom."

"He did not," said the colonel, "he did not die of an apoplexy, did he, landlord?"

"To be sure he did," said the landlord : "I always said he would go that way."

"And what right had you to say so?" said the colonel testily : "these things are all chance. But what is all this to the matter? Here I have come twenty miles as hot a fourth of July as ever shone, and because Charles Belton has slipped his wind, I am to be disappointed of the barbecue. Here I am, all alone, distressed at the death of my friend, and no soul to drink a bowl of punch with me. This is ill usage, landlord."

"Why, colonel," said the landlord, apologizing, "the old set were all here this morning about it; but as Mr. Belton was just buried, and you were expected up, they concluded, out of respect to your

feelings as his oldest friend, to give it up, and so they went to dine at the Big Spring."

"They did," said the colonel, fanning himself with his hat—"they did, the ungrateful puppies! Well, when people are gone, then they are missed; that is a true saying, any way. Never did Charles Belton play any man such a trick as that: he would not have disappointed a friend if his whole generation had died on the same day. Poor fellow! little did he think his wishes would be so forgotten, when he used to sing—(landlord, you have heard him often)—

'I beg that no tear may be dropt when I'm dead,
No *hic jacet* be grav'd on my stone;
But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,
And say that his drinking is done."

"Umph!" said the landlord apart; "there is a friendly funeral oration for you. It is well the poor squire was safe under ground before his old comrade came up, or he might have had his profane request literally complied with. I told the young simpletons how it would be."

A deep groan, bursting as it seemed from emotions no longer within control, here drew the colonel's attention to a young gentleman seated in a corner of the piazza, with his head resting on his arms folded on the railing.

"Colonel," said the landlord, "you had better walk into a cool room, and rest yourself: you appear fatigued."

The colonel, after giving some orders to his servants respecting his horses, did so. —"Landlord," said he, "who is that young slip of hypocrisy? is he a Methodist preacher?"

"He is not a Methodist preacher," said the landlord; "he is a very worthy, honourable young gentleman of my acquaintance."

"Will he be of my acquaintance, landlord," said the colonel, recovering his usual good-humour, "and drink a bowl of punch with me?"

"Of your acquaintance—your acquaintance!" said the landlord with emotion. "Oh, colonel Berkley! I have half a mind

——but,” as suddenly checking himself, he went on, “he drinks no punch, colonel; and I fancy he has ordered his horse.”

“Well, well, let him go,” said the colonel; “I hate all such demure young sparks ever since my mis——but hang care——care killed a cat. Make a bowl of punch, landlord, and give us your company.”

“You shall have both, colonel, *instantly*; but there is an odd fellow in the house will answer your purpose better than I shall; he is a schoolmaster, and passes for a man of wonderful learning.”

“Let me have him, landlord; let me have him, if you are sure he will not pester me with religion. No man, landlord, has a higher respect for the church than I have; but I cannot abide to hear of religion since my misfortune. Not that I dislike religion; it is a good thing in its place, that I must say.”

“I will warrant him,” said the landlord, “free of all offence in that particular.”

“Mr. Pangloss,” cried he, putting back

a slide which opened to an inner room—

“Mr. Pangloss, you are wanted.”

“Mine host of the Dog Chase,” said the person thus summoned, “I cannot come—I am busy. I am propounding to Mrs. Scoreum the absolute absurdity of the belief, that Moses could have made the children of Israel drink the golden calf.”

“Nonsense,” returned the landlord; “never mind what the children of Israel drank—you will drink all the gold you finger, I will answer for it. Will you come and assist the great colonel Berkley to drink a bowl of punch?”

“Odds so, landlord, now you speak to the purpose; that is what I call a figure of rhetoric well placed. I will do him justice, mine host, were he ten times as great.”

The colonel noticed the entrance of the speaker by a slight inclination of the head.

—“Sit down, man—sit down,” said he.—

“And so your name is Pangloss? Are you any relation to the fellow the Frenchman writes about?”

“ I might boast myself,” said the pedagogue, “ to be the descendant of that illustrious personage, if ’twere only from the similitude of our misfortunes.

‘ At genus et proavos,’

as, if I mistake not, Naso hath it.”

“ What is all that?” cried the colonel, peevishly : “ speak English, man.”

“ Ah, colonel !” said Pangloss, “ my philosophy hath done much harm unto me.”

“ As how ?” cried the colonel.

“ You shall hear, colonel Berkley.—It has been my lot to preside as schoolmaster on the pleasant banks of —— creek, for the last three months. Not far from my school-house, which was placed amid tall and embowering pines, and which a facetious gentleman of those confines, somewhat embued with learning, was pleased to term, ‘ the Grove of Academus,’ stood an ancient hospitium, or diversorium, as Erasmus hath it, the which latter I prefer,

seeing it was more used for the divertisement of the surrounding gentry, than for the accommodation of travellers. Thither was I wont to repair during my relaxation from school duties, and greatly did I delectate and edify the frequenters thereof with my discourses on the beauty of moral virtue, the natural fitness of things, and the absurdity of the Christian religion; in so much, that there went about a saying throughout all that country, that the children must needs be vastly wise and good, who were brought up under the care of such a great philosopher.

“ But the subjects were dry (sir, my service to you), and the bar was well stored with a somewhat seductive beverage, called, ‘mint sling.’ My school began to decline; but my total ruin was occasioned by the following circumstance:—

“ A young man, who was a setter forth of strange doctrines, began about this time to attract great attention in that part of the country. He called himself a minister of the Protestant Episcopal church, but

was *in re vera* of the very spawn of John Calvin, *ut ita dicam*.”

“ ‘The wretch !’ ” cried the colonel sternly.—“ No man, Mr. Pangloss, has a higher respect for the church than I have ; but those fellows, sir, are destroying it.—But go on, sir, I perceive you could not agree.”

“ His fame,” continued Pangloss, “ soon reached unto the magnates of the land, and a certain young lady, awed by his denunciations against those who were lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, expressing some reluctance to accompany her father to the —— race ball, the *magnates* aforesaid began to cast about them, how this pestilent fellow might be put down. After much consultation, it was considered that if the learned old divine, doctor Dozey, could be induced to stand to his arms once more, *procul dubio*, this Mr. Reformer would be beaten off. The doctor ‘ had no stomach to this fight :’ he was ‘ burly and big,’ and studious of his ease, being a sworn enemy to all exertion of mind or body ; holding it, sir, in no

manner of estimation ; in a word, he was unwilling to undertake it, but receiving, as it was whispered (*fama volat*), intimation from some great personages, that it was expected he would bestir himself, he was so tickled at the compliment, that he girded himself up for the contest, and prepared to enter the lists.

“ Mr. Canvil, for *eo nomine* was this innovator called, preached in court-houses, in barns, and even *sub tegmine fagi*.

“ The panting doctor toiled after him in vain. To all that Canvil advanced, the doctor was at hand with his ‘*Negatur*,’ but still Canvil’s hearers and converts increased : to be sure it was not for the congregations, *tantas componere lites*, and haply the dispute had been *adhuc in pendente*, had not death stepped in and carried off both the combatants. The worthy old doctor, after roundly asserting to some of his chosen friends, that he *could* and *would* repent when he pleased, was one night seized with an apoplexy, which, as Jamie Thomson saith right well—

‘—————Knocks

Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.”

“Don’t be profane, sir,” cried the colonel, “don’t be profane. I knew doctor Dozey well—a most worthy clergyman he was, and played the best game at backgammon of any man in the Northern Neck; he was a great man, sir; I won’t bear to hear him compared to oxen.”

“*Da veniam*, most noble colonel, I did but quote the words of the author of the Seasons, a writer *acerrimi ingenii*, as ’tis generally thought.”

“Go on, go on, man,” said the colonel —“what became of Canvil?”

“He did not long survive the doctor, whether from a breast complaint, as his friend said, or from compunction of conscience for killing the good doctor (of which latter, *in veritate*, I hold him guilty), is of no consequence.”

“Well,” said the colonel, “Canvil being dead, how does his preaching concern you?”

“You shall hear, colonel, *uno avulso*

non deficit alter. Mr. Canvil was no sooner removed, than his followers procured another young firebrand, never a whit behind Canvil in heretical doctrine and starch morality.

“For hear to the inconsistency of these would-be reformers: though they deny to works all efficacy in man’s salvation, yet were not the crop-eared puritans, who framed the blue laws, more precise in their conduct. Why, sir, the great doctor Dozey, who preached the doctrine of works altogether, would drink off a bowl of punch (worthy man that he was!) with less compunction than one of these whey-faced milksops would see you squeeze the lemon that made it.—Now, colonel Berkley, lend me your ears—give me your attention,” continued the speaker, “for I am come to the very pith, the *medullam si fas sit diceri*.”

“Go on, man,” said the colonel, “and let me have no more of that outlandish jargon.”

“As the professors increased, most ho-

noured sir, my poor reputation declined—
eheu! eheu! I was forced to leave the
Grove of Academus, and am looking for
a place where a man's belief, or disbelief,
shall be no bar to his happiness *here*,
however it may affect him *hereafter*."

The landlord, on the first entrance of
the schoolmaster, had left the room and
did not return, and the colonel seemed
rather fatigued, than amused, by the com-
panion with which he had been furnished.
There was, however, something in Pan-
gloss's discourse which discomposed him,
and gave birth to the following expres-
sions:—" 'Tis really very strange—and
yet they all say so. What! a man can't
repent when he pleases? to be sure, if the
time slips by, as I fear it did with poor
Belton——what would I give now to hear
George's opinion!" An idea too painful
to be endured seemed rising on his mind,
and as determined to banish it, he turned
to Pangloss—"Do you know," said he,
"the young man who was sitting in the
piazza as I entered?"

“ I do not,” was the reply.

“ I cannot get that groan of his out of my head,” said the colonel, as he paced the room ; “ I believe in my soul he pitied me, for joking about death, as I did in that light manner.”

“ And why not joke about it in a light manner ?” returned Pangloss, who was impatient of remaining silent. “ When *I* think of death, that is, when I think of it as of a thing worth minding at all, I adopt the language and sentiments of the sagacious corporal Nym—‘ Faith, I will live so long as I may, that’s the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may, that is my rest, that is my rendervoun of it.’”

“ Nonsense !” cried the colonel, “ don’t quote your player stuff to me, I am not in the humour for it. Tell the landlord to make another bowl of punch, and to let me have his company as he promised.”

The punch was soon produced, but the landlord did not appear, and the worthy colonel became gloomy and petulant. In

vain did Mr. Pangloss endeavour to dissipate his melancholy. Reflections on the subject of religion, though so oddly introduced, greatly disquieted the colonel's thoughts.—“If death was certainly an eternal sleep, as this misbelieving dog of a schoolmaster will, I suppose, tell me,” said he to himself, “one would not care much about it. What with the gout, and my disappointment, and a hundred other things, continually perplexing me, that if,” involuntarily he shuddered at the conclusion he was about to draw, for he would have said, “if death is an eternal sleep, I care not how soon I fall into it.” But that it was *not*, he felt, and trembled as he felt it.

The day was intensely hot, and though not one breath of wind could be felt below, the upper region of the air seemed all in motion. Large masses of white clouds sailed heavily along, and as they approached each other, their well-defined outlines formed interstices, through which the sky appeared of the deepest blue, and

through which the sun poured down his rays with concentrated strength, producing a degree of heat uncommon in our climate. At length, as though their course was obstructed, or they had reached their place of destination, they began to settle in the north-west, the enormous flakes resting as they arrived one on another; whilst the topmost range, tinged with the rays of a July sun, presented a spectacle of grandeur, sublimity, and beauty, which neither the tongue, the pencil, nor the pen, can describe.

At intervals, the muttering of very distant thunder was heard, and here and there, where the fleecy whiteness of a larger sized flake gave place to a darker fold of blue, or brown, the red and forked lightning was seen to play.

Often have I watched the progress of these unerring indications of the coming tornado, and often have my prognostics been derided by my companions, who, amidst the delusions of a morning like this, were forming their plans of pleasure

and amusement for the evening. Thus in all our concerns, under all circumstances, we are unwilling—nay, to a great degree, we are unable to believe a gust can be at hand when the sun shines; but alas! even when our sky seems most settled and serene, it gathers the black clouds, and prepares to discharge itself on our heads.

The colonel had for some time been wrapt in more melancholy musings than were usually entertained by him. He had become altogether regardless of Mr. Pangloss, who being left sole customer to the bowl of punch, had, sooth to speak, fallen under its influence, and was fast asleep. From this sleep he was roused by a terrific flash of lightning on his face, followed by an astounding crash of thunder.

What was the nature of this most learned philosopher's dream, I presume not to say; but it is quite certain, the not unusual circumstance of a man being waked by a clap of thunder, was insuffi-

cient to account for the agonized frenzy with which he shrieked—"Merciful Heaven! then there is a day of judgment? and 'tis come!"

Colonel Berkley was what the world calls a brave man; he had fought two duels, and had led a troop of horse in the —— militia, who did not, on any occasion, go to the *right about*, until the enemy were within musket shot of them. But brave as he was, he was not proof against the shock which this unexpected peal of thunder, accompanied by the wild shriek of the wretched infidel, occasioned.

The circumstance was rendered more awful from being unexpected; for as it was now high noon, the portentous clouds, from whence the thunder proceeded, had not advanced so far towards the zenith as to obscure the sun. One instant after and they rolled dark and lurid over his disk—folds of impenetrable blackness were placed between his beams and the earth, and all below was gloom and horror. As yet the thunderclap was not repeated, but low,

hollow sounds, and distant rumblings, announced that it was mustering its strength, whilst the scud, which flew by with inconceivable rapidity, bespoke the violence of the storm, before which it was thus furiously driven.

“Pangloss,” said the colonel, recovering from the panic into which he had been thrown, “what is all this? what are *you* frightened at? *you* that believe in neither God nor devil?”

“Don’t talk in that manner,” said the still trembling wretch. “I am subject, sir (he spoke in a low and hesitating voice, as if unwilling to admit so much, even to himself), I am subject to very horrid dreams; and though I will prove to demonstration, that the world was made by chance, yet I sometimes dream that the same chance which made *this* world made *another*, and that there is such a place as hell after all!”

“Whether there is such a place or not,” said the colonel, solemnly, “this much I

know—there are many very sensible people firmly believe there is, and I for one.”

The wind now descending into the lower region of the air, drove before it such clouds of dust, as to make it nearly as dark as night. Again the lightning flashed frequent and vivid, the roar of thunder commenced afresh, but it could only now and then be distinguished from the loud howl of the storm.

At this moment they heard a hasty trampling, and going to the window, perceived several persons alighting from horses, covered with foam, which hard riding, to escape the gust, had occasioned. Amongst them, the colonel thought he recognised the person of the young man he had observed in the piazza, though his face he did not see, his attention being called off by the entrance of two of the newly-arrived strangers into the room which he occupied. One of them was a tall, large, raw-boned, coarse-looking man : he made no obeisance to the colonel, nor did he remove from his head his large

hat, covered with an oil-skin: his legs were cased in striped Holland spatter-dashes, and his whole appearance, as well as that of his companion, who was a sharp-visaged little man, plainly bespoke them Methodist preachers.

“ Billy,” said the large man to the small one, “ put down the saddle-bags, can’t you, and go and see if the horses are taken care of; and, do ye hear, tell the young person who met us on the road and turned back, he may dine with us. I take it he is a worthy youth, Billy.”

The colonel was not a man to have an apartment he occupied thus unceremoniously taken possession of, with impunity, and that too by a description of persons, whom of all created beings he hated and despised. He was, therefore, about to intimate his opinion on the subject, in no very gentle terms, when, at the instant, his eyes were nearly blinded by the lightning, which accompanied by a tremendous explosion, shivered to splinters a very large tree standing before the window.

“Well done,” cried the preacher, as smiling he enjoyed the consternation he perceived in the colonel and Pangloss, and his breast appeared to dilate with pleasure at the grandeur and sublimity of the scene—“Well done,” he repeated—“pretty strong proof that of the strength of our Master’s arm. I doubt me, he that could snap that gnarled oak, and shiver it to pieces easier and quicker than I could a clay pipe stem, sees little difference between the power of a poor Methodist wanderer and the wealthy colonel Berkley of Berkley Park.”

The colonel’s reply was prevented, had he deigned to intend making one, by having his attention again called to what was passing without; for near as was the approach of the rain (and now the fresh scent of the wet earth gave token that the torrent was descending), our inn was destined to give shelter to other travellers than those already mentioned.

A coach and four, attended by two outriders, drove furiously to the door; the

riders threw themselves from their horses and opened the door of the coach; no person appeared at it.—“Madam! young ladies!” cried the younger of the two servants, “do get out, do get out!” The flashes of lightning were now absolutely terrific.

“They are afraid to face it,” said the preacher, who had also approached the window—and he rushed out to the carriage. “Stand aside, boys,” cried he, “and let us see what we have here;” putting in his long and bony arm, he folded it round the first object it encountered, and pulling out a young lady, he held her tucked under it, as he would have done his rolled great-coat; putting in his other arm, he loaded it with a similar article, and walking deliberately into the passage, let them both drop.

“Oh, mamma, mamma!” they both exclaimed.

“I warrant you,” said the old man, and

he hurried to the carriage. As he passed through the piazza, the electric fluid, as it poured down, staggered him—the stench of sulphur was suffocating. One of the horses was struck dead, and the driver thrown from the box, which was demolished.—“Father of mercies,” cried the old man, as he rushed towards the carriage, “spare her!” The lady had fainted, but was uninjured by the lightning.

On her recovery, a sense of the comfort of their situation, compared to the one they had so narrowly escaped, that of being caught on the road in the gust (which now raged with a fury which baffles all description), was expressed by the ladies in exclamations of joy. They were warmly congratulated on their good fortune by the colonel, who was a friend and neighbour of the family; and having witnessed the unexpected alertness and good feeling of the old Methodist, he shook him cordially by the hand, thanked him, in the name of the ladies, for his

kind attention, and invited him to dine with him.

This invitation was not more cordially given than, to the utter amazement of some of the by-standers, it was accepted; for old brother Fell was supposed to carry a more than usually straight arm to all who were not of his own particular persuasion.

The storm began now to abate its violence; a streak of white was seen in the west, and volumed and vast the clouds rolled away to the same quarter from whence in the morning they came.

Dinner was soon after announced, and seating the colonel and his guests, the schoolmaster and the preacher, at a well-furnished board in one room—supposing the other visitors equally well provided for in another—and suggesting that the ladies have retired to recover the effects of their terror and fatigue, I take the opportunity of giving some account of the fair travellers, so unceremoniously thrust on the notice of my readers.

William Belcour, esquire, was the only hope of an ancient family—ancient according to the usual mode of running up such scores of greatness. His grandfather, by the judicious application of a small sum of money, procured the good-will of a great man's favourite valet; and in virtue thereof, was invested with certain high powers, and obtained large grants and immunities in his Britannic Majesty's North American colonies.

The husband and father of our ladies was the only grandchild of the politic gentleman just mentioned, and destined to be the heir of great wealth—his education was conducted according to his high expectations.

Until the tenth year of his age, he was attended by a little body-guard of negro children, who initiated him into all the petty artifices, deceptions, and meanesses, which are the too certain and melancholy fruits of a state of slavery.

A smart young convict was then purchased for his use as a schoolmaster, who,

by the time he had attained his fifteenth year, had learned him to read and write, when, to use the language of the day, he was sent home to England for his education.

The boy who has from infancy been suffered, nay taught, to treat his companions with injustice and caprice, and whose instructor has been only the pander of his pleasures, must of all beings be least disposed to submit to the discipline of a well-regulated school. Hence it is, that boys of this description are moved about from place to place, disliking and disliked at all, until the short, the very short period between youth and manhood slips away, and the disappointed parent finds, too late, that failing himself to train up his child in the way he should walk, no other person could so direct his steps as to keep him in the paths of rectitude and virtue.

So it fared with the character we are now describing. He returned home, at the age of twenty-one, a proud, mean, ignorant, conceited coxcomb, having learn-

ed nothing in England, but to dislike his own country.

It will readily be imagined, that Rosemount and its vicinity formed a scene of action too limited for a youth who had London coats and London boots to exhibit; accordingly, in a short time after his arrival in this country, he stepped forth one morning from a celebrated boarding-house, the envy and admiration of Broadway. As his claim to rank, both from family and fortune, was indisputable, and moreover, as he had travelled, Mr. Belcour soon became distinguished in the circles of fashion; and who is he to marry? became a question to be asked. Mrs. Sparkle, a widow lady, with five unmarried daughters, answered in her own mind, as thus—he shall marry my daughter Sophia. He did so. Now the offspring of this pair I hold to be most noble; for I am satisfied, whenever a herald's office shall be established at Washington, the descendants of a rich southern planter, married to a Boston, New-York, Phila-

delphia, or Baltimore belle, shall be held to be honourable in the first degree; and he who shall attempt to trace his ancestral honours beyond that point, might as well, as the wit said, “go to Adam at once.”

The lady now taking her rest, *in mine inn*, is the quondam Sophia Sparkle just mentioned. Her husband has been dead ten years, having divided his immense fortune in three equal parts between herself and her two daughters.

And now let us return to our friend the colonel, and his two guests.

“Will you do me the honour, sir,” said Pangloss to the preacher, “to drink a glass of wine with me?”

“No, sir!” returned the preacher sternly; “I will do you no honour. I may be led, by the imperfection of my mortal sight, to honour him who in his heart honours not my Divine Master, but the uncircumcised Philistine, who dares defy the armies of the living God, who brandishes his arms and avows himself a rebel, shall receive no honour from John Fell.”

The colonel, though attentive to those whom he considered as his guests, had eat little: his eyes were frequently fixed on the preacher with a scrutinizing and anxious gaze.—“John Fell! John Fell!” said the colonel, musing.

The old man returned his gaze, and as their eyes met, the colonel threw down his knife and fork—“Is it possible—is it possible?” cried he, in much emotion; “but your name——”

“Was not always John Fell,” said the preacher.

“It was Tom Perkins, my old playfellow,” cried the colonel: “it was Tom Perkins, who dragged me from the bottom of a milldam, and saved my life.”

“Oh, colonel!—oh, colonel Berkley!” cried the preacher, returning the grasp of his hand, “if I could but be made the blessed instrument——”

“I understand you, Tom,” said the colonel: “I will hear what you have to say. I was getting in the humour for these things when you came, and who knows,

for I will hear that from you I would hear from no other man. But where have you been? What became of your poor mother, and the little Ann, your sister? Oh dear! I remember these things as well, or better, than what passed a month ago. But why do you go by a feigned name?"

The preacher looked at him earnestly, but did not answer.

"You were right—yes, yes!" said the colonel sorrowfully, "you were right.—Your mother is long since dead, I suppose; and your sister——"

"In heaven also, I trust," said the preacher. "There lives not one on this earth, who would acknowledge kindred or acquaintance with Tom Perkins, saving yourself. But I can tell you nothing now. Time presses," said he, looking at his watch. "I have often believed," he added, in a solemn tone, "that my ministry would not close, until I had an opportunity of trying to do that for your soul which I did for your body. I have watch-

ed, I have prayed for this hour: I knew we should be near each other to-day, but I counted not on meeting so soon. Yet come, things are wisely ordered. Fifty-five years ago—yes, this very day, fifty-five years ago, you said—nay, you swore—ah, colonel, you began early!—you swore you would never refuse any thing I asked you. This is my first request, and you will grant it, for it has been on interest a long time.”

“Name it, name it,” said the colonel, eagerly—“any thing within my power.”

“Well, colonel, you are disappointed in your fourth of July feast, which you came so far to partake of—now go with me to the Methodist meeting over the way: I am to preach.”

“I will hear all you have to say, my old friend,” said the colonel; “but I would rather hear you in private.”

“Thank you, sir—thank you for so much. You shall hear me in private; but there is that in my heart which tells me you must hear me in public also. I shall

be free to speak: I never am so confident that I have my commission about me as when I stand in the pulpit."

"I will go with you, my friend," said the colonel, after a pause, "for I can refuse you nothing; and my fair neighbours, who cannot proceed this evening, shall go also."

CHAPTER II.
~~~~~

Praise the grace whose threats alarm'd thee,  
Rous'd thee from thy fatal ease ;  
Praise the grace whose promise warm'd thee,  
Praise the grace which whisper'd peace.

ANONYMOUS.

HAD the accident, which for the present retarded the farther progress of Mrs. Belcour on her intended journey, occurred at any other tavern than Mr. Scoreum's, whom, notwithstanding his vocation, she still considered as entitled, from his family connexion, to something of her respect, and had his guest been any other than colonel Berkley, her chagrin would have been without bounds. As the case stood, no sooner had she recovered from the excessive alarm into which she had been thrown, than she manifested peculiar satisfaction at hearing that her neighbour,



colonel Berkley, was in the house; and the latter had scarce given his consent to the proposition of his old comrade, than Mr. Scoreum entered, with the intimation that Mrs. Belcour and her daughters had descended to the adjoining parlour, and would be glad to see the colonel and the gentleman to whom they were so much obliged for assistance in the moment of their late alarm.

Colonel Berkley gladly obeyed the summons. Very cordial were the greetings between the colonel and his fair neighbours.—“And where,” said Mrs. Belcour, “is the gentleman who assisted us from the coach? I understand he is no other than a Methodist preacher.”

“He is indeed a Methodist preacher,” replied the colonel; “and I find he is an old friend of mine: yes, young ladies, and in many a prank has your father and myself been joined by that gruff old fellow in our boyish days.”

“Indeed!” said Eliza; “I should be

quite glad to see him: pray, colonel, what is his name?"

"His name," replied the colonel, after a pause, "is Perkins."

"Perkins!" said Maria; "surely I recollect that name. I hope, colonel, he has no connexion with the family who gave celebrity to our famous *haunted* hollow.—I can remember, Eliza, when to be carried to the haunted hollow, and given to Tom Perkins, was a threat which never failed to make you behave pretty, even when you were most disposed to behave naughty."

"I have no doubt," said Eliza, smiling, "it had been tried on little Miss Maria before my time, and therefore had the advantage of experience to recommend it. But indeed the haunted hollow bears a very indifferent report at Rosemount, even now. I hope, as Maria said, this reverend gentleman is not a relation of the famous Tom."

"He is actually," said the colonel, gravely, "his son. Well do I remember

the valley, young ladies, which you say, at Rosemount, is called the haunted hollow. It was no threat in my young days," he continued, and sighed at recollections it called up, "to be carried to Tom Perkins. He was a jovial miller in the employment of your grandfather, old Mr. Belcour. Well, God alone knows who is innocent and who is guilty; but poor Perkins was condemned most unjustly—so we boys, at least, thought. His widow, with her son and daughter—her son, the very man now in the house—left the country, and neither your husband's father, madam, or mine, could ever succeed in their inquiries concerning them. This day, after an absence of fifty years, I again embrace our old playfellow.—What a hard tug," added the colonel—"what a hard tug he must have had through life!—what a rough time of it, compared to mine! A sickly, broken-hearted mother, a helpless little sister, to maintain; and every man's hand, in a manner, against them: his father hung for horse-stealing!



—what a time Tom must have had !” said he, as he continued to soliloquize, for he seemed all at once to have forgot the presence of the ladies—“ what a lot was his, compared to mine ! but now what a prospect he has, compared to mine !”

“ I hope you do not suppose, colonel,” said Mrs. Belcour, “ that his plain coat and rough manners give him any advantage over you, in that particular ?”

“ By no means, by no means, madam : his advantages over me are in things of more consequence.—But here he comes.”

His heavy tread, sounding along the passage, announced his approach ; and when he hastily opened wide the door to admit his large person, Maria whispered to her sister—“ Eliza, when I am a naughty girl, threaten to send me to Tom Perkins ; the threat has lost none of its force.” He made not the slightest inclination of his head upon entering, but walking directly up to Mrs. Belcour, extended his hand towards her. She gave him hers, not without something of that instinctive hor-



ror with which she would have put it into a blacksmith's vice. He shook it tenderly, however, as he said—"I am right well pleased to see you; you had a narrow escape—God make you thankful for it!—And these are your children?"

"They are the daughters of Will Belcour," said the colonel significantly.

"I see it," replied the preacher—"I see it.—Sit still," he added, seeing Maria about to rise from her seat to receive him—"sit still, honey!" using, as he no doubt thought, such a mild tone of voice as might be calculated to remove the terrors of a child.—"And do you bring these pretty dears up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord?" said the old preacher; "that is the main point, after all, madam Belcour; we must not forget that the wicked will be turned into hell, and all the people who forget God."

The colonel, who began to fear his friend was about to trench on ground that would render him at least unpleasant to the ladies, hastened to say—"They are as

good as they are beautiful, my old friend; there is no wickedness about *them*, I promise you."

"Then," said the preacher, "they are rare creatures; such indeed as it has not been my good fortune to meet before."

"You may say that," said the colonel; "I agree with you to a tittle in that opinion."

"They are not," continued the preacher, as though he did not notice the colonel's remark, "among the swearers, the sabbath-breakers, and drunkards, and extortioners; nor yet amongst unjust and covetous persons; nor yet are they slanderers or backbiters. I grant you they are not such as I shall too surely find in yon meeting-house this evening, and with whom I will deal presently (God willing) after my poor manner as best I may: but these dear young babies are wicked, if the man after God's own heart knew what was the meaning of the word."

Observing that Mrs. Belcour shewed some displeasure at the turn the conversa-

tion had taken, the colonel's newly-awakened feelings of friendship for his old companion could have alone restrained his indignation within bounds; he only said, however—"This is the first, and will probably be the last, time, friend Tom, that these young ladies will be called wicked."

"Blessed children of light then," said the old man, solemnly, "will they be. Let us hear, however, who are they that, according to David, are to be considered wicked: they are those who do not seek after God, those of whom it may be said, that God is not in all their thoughts.—Oh, my dear young children! as my mouth is open, so my heart is enlarged towards you; and let me beg you to remember what I now tell you—you are wicked so long as God is not in all your thoughts, so long as you do not think of him 'when you sit in your house, when you walk by the way, when you lie down, and when you rise up.'"

"To be sure," said the colonel, "in that point of view you may say it; but



then they are not what the world calls wicked."

" 'Tis of no consequence," said the preacher, " what the world calls *them* or you: will God pardon, think you, a neglect of himself, because you perform your duty to your fellow-creatures? What was the offence which brought sin into the world, and death by sin? not an offence against society, for there was none, but against a positive command of God. Now, if Adam destroyed the whole world by disobeying a single command of God, certainly you may destroy yourselves by the same means, though you give all your goods to feed the poor, and your bodies to be burned for the good of society."

" And so we are to understand," said Mrs. Belcour, " that a blameless life is of no value in the sight of the Almighty?"

" Consider the character of the devil, madam," said the preacher, turning suddenly towards her; " he is no member of society, and being a spirit, cannot commit any outward sin; thus his is the wicked-



ness of the mind, and such is yours: it consists in opposing the wisdom of God, substituting your own schemes and systems for the attainment of enjoyment and peace, in the place, and in direct opposition, to those he has recommended and set before you; endeavouring to hew out for yourselves those cisterns which he has declared shall hold no water; preferring things temporal to things eternal, thereby mistrusting his most sacred promises; in a word, walking by sight, and not by faith."

"Come, come," said the colonel, "you make us out much worse than we are, my honest old friend; you have been battling with your outrageous sinners so long, that you think every body you meet a heathen. No, no, we don't want faith, at any rate."

"Not want faith!" said the preacher vehemently; "by what standard do you judge of the value of things—by the visible or invisible world? My dear sir, bring the matter to an issue in one single instance, and we shall soon see how far you rely on his promises; would you rather

have your only son a pious cobbler, or a profane, a God-forgetting gentleman?"

The colonel started—the question had evidently touched him. The preacher regarded him a moment with intense interest in his countenance; then turning to Mrs. Belcour—"And you, madam Belcour, would you have your daughters children of God, and walking on foot, or children of the devil, and riding in their coaches?"

"Vulgar!" said Mrs. Belcour, in an under tone.

But the preacher was not disposed to hear, at least notice, the remark; pulling out a large silver watch, he observed—" 'Tis time to set forward.—You must not, dear young ladies, or you, madam Belcour, be angry with the old Methodist man for speaking his mind. If you knew how often my heart has yearned toward the dwellers at Rosemount, you would not be surprised that my tongue has been thus forward to utter the truth in all sincerity and boldness. Colo-

nel Berkley has promised me to take you all to meeting this evening. You will hear me say some things, madam Belcour, which you will ill like to hear, for I am one of those underling servants sent out into the highways and hedges, to *compel* the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind, to come in. Well, blessed be God, the poor have the gospel preached unto them! and I hope," said he, as he was leaving the room—"I hope the perishing rich have it preached unto them also.—I will be back, colonel, in a few minutes. These grand ladies must not be ashamed to walk to meeting with the old Methodist; their father has run away often from the great house to play with him—you must tell them about it, colonel, and they will put up with me."

The rough features of the preacher seemed struggling to suppress the indication of more tender feelings than those in which he was wont to indulge; and after gazing at the girls for a moment in silence, he left the room.



Before setting out on this most unexpected walk to the meeting-house, the reader must suffer me to advert to a circumstance which occurred as the preacher and his travelling companion journeyed on their way to Mr. Scoreum's. About one hour before they arrived, they had perceived, at a fork of the road, a young man sitting on his horse, with an air of indecision in his countenance, as doubtful which road to take. On their approach, he asked the direction to Berkley Park.

"Colonel Berkley," said the elder preacher, "will be at Scoreum's to-day, if you want to see him."

"I do wish to see him," said the stranger, earnestly, "but not at Scoreum's."

"And why not at Scoreum's?" said the preacher; "there will be junketing there to-day—at least, so my information goes; and if you have business with him, you had best go back—besides, you'll be caught in the gust. I am also bound to see the colonel, and for this cause am I come many a mile."



“Are you not a Methodist preacher?” said the stranger.

“And what then?” said the preacher; “has colonel Berkley any objection to Methodist preachers, of all men? I have a message for him, and it must be delivered.”

“And you have hopes he will receive it at your hands?” asked the stranger, anxiously.

“I have such hope, or wherefore am I come?”

The stranger, who was no other than the young person we have mentioned as sitting on the piazza at Scoreum’s on the arrival of colonel Berkley, after musing a short space, observed—“I will return with you. I am not, as I hope, apt to be directed by sudden impressions; but there is something in your words and manner which greatly interests me—I will return with you.”

As during this ride, short as it was, communications passed between these persons which were greatly influential in pro-

ducing many of the circumstances I have to record, I thought it good to commemorate the meeting, though it does not so well suit my purpose to say what was the nature of the communications then made.

I now proceed to describe the order in which the company at the inn took up their line of march to the meeting-house. The landlord's family had already departed, under the conduct of the companion of our old preacher and the stranger, and now, issuing forth from the tavern, came Mr. Scoreum himself, honoured in his especial attendance on Mrs. Belcour. The portly figure of the colonel was garnished on either side by a Miss Belcour; and a herald would have likened the trio unto a coat of arms: the escutcheon, a giant *in purple*, supported by two Hebes *in argent*. With a slow, though firm, heavy step, the preacher marched last in the procession, his arms slung carelessly behind him, and his hands joined by the interlocking of his fingers.

On arriving at the house, which was but a short distance from the tavern, they found it crowded to overflowing; the men arranged on one side, the women on the other. In a corner, next to the pulpit, the members of the class were collected, distinguished from the rest of the congregation by the plainness of their dress, and that particular physiognomy and cast of countenance which, in that day, marked the Methodists as a peculiar people.

As the tide of persons peeping in to hear the celebrated brother Fell continued to overflow the house, the elders, in the corner, squeezed themselves closer together, or took their seats on the steps leading to the pulpit, whilst at each remove was heard a groan, intimating their reluctance to be disturbed in the meditations in which they were engaged, but at the same time, graciously beckoning some individual, who was particularly at a loss how to bestow himself, to take the seat they had vacated.



The colonel, who either disregarded, or was ignorant, on the subject, that the separation of the sexes was one of the customs of the place (for, until this moment, he knew not, by actual observation, what the inside of a Methodist meeting was made of), took his seat on a bench with the ladies, which, on a nod of intimation from the preacher, that such was his pleasure, was given up for their accommodation.

After singing, and a short prayer from the person mentioned as the travelling companion of Perkins, the latter rose, and came to the front of the pulpit, looked around on the congregation, as though he would satisfy himself what description of persons he was to address. As his eyes withdrew from this scrutiny, he adjusted his spectacles, turned over the leaves of the Bible before him deliberately, as looking for a particular passage, which having found, he doubled down the leaf, looked at his watch, and commenced his discourse.

I should in vain endeavour to give the



reader any idea of the manner in which he called the attention of the congregation to the awful declaration of the apostle, which he had taken as his text, "We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ."

For a short space he reasoned on the necessity of immediate preparation for that tremendous day, from the shortness and uncertainty of life. But it was not on convincing their reason that he counted: he soon addressed himself to their feelings, their passions; and he well knew how to rouse them; he threatened, he persuaded, he warned, he exhorted: at times he was familiar, then suddenly adopting the sublime images and language of inspiration, he was solemn and grand. Thus, after having derided them for their fear of being brought before an earthly tribunal, and having their actions tested even by human judgment, he thus broke out:

"White-livered sinners! do you fear what man can do unto you? how then

will you be able to stand before the judgment-seat, on the great and terrible day of the Lord ! Oh ! my poor, miserable, perishing fellow-creatures, how will you, how can you, stand before Him ? Will you say, we were deceived ; we thought we had made a covenant with death, and with hell we were at agreement : we thought when the overwhelming scourge should pass by, it would not come near us ? My heart sickens, my flesh creeps, when I think on your danger. Oh for breath to utter my fears for your safety—my horrid forebodings of your dreadful doom ! Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep, and howl for the miseries which will come upon you ! When your covenant with death shall be disannulled, when your agreement with hell shall not stand, when judgment shall be laid to the line, and righteousness to the plummet, when hail shall sweep away your refuge of lies, when waters shall overflow your hiding-place—how will you, how can you

escape? Yes," said he, his voice swelling to its utmost pitch, and filling, and even shaking the house, "when the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised, and in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, all shall be changed: when you see the Son of man making the clouds his chariot, and riding on the wings of the wind, a devouring fire going before him, and after him a flame burning! But see! see! he sitteth on his throne—he is clothed with light as with a garment—he is arrayed in majesty and honour. Behold, his eyes are as a flame of fire—his voice as the sound of many waters! Oh, sinner, how will you, how can you, stand before him? Will you call on the mountains to cover you, the rocks to fall on you? Alas! the mountains, the rocks, the earth itself, will be fleeing away. Naked and defenceless thou camest from eternity, and naked thou must return to it. Blind creatures that you are! that now sit like stocks and stones, as though these awful things concerned you not, what can avert,



what can delay your sentence—‘ Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels?’ For hear it, hear it, and tremble—‘ The wicked shall be turned into hell; and all the people who forget God.”

Here he paused; and looking round on the congregation, the inquiring glance of his penetrating eye seemed to ask—“ What effect have I produced, and how shall I turn it to their advantage?” Then wiping and laying by his spectacles, he stood silently collecting himself, as it appeared, for a last effort.

The shades of evening were falling deep; the suffocating air of the morning had been changed by the gust for cold, raw blasts of wind, which now howled mournfully through the old oaks by which the house was surrounded, and entering through many a crevice, waved the thin grey locks of the old preacher; whilst the setting rays of the sun, streaming through a window, rested on his face, and gave to his countenance (at all times remarkably



indicative of high-wrought feelings, but now lit up with the animation of one who believed that life or death was in each word he spoke) an expression that was scarcely earthly.

“Visions of horror!” cried the old man, starting back, and violently compressing his hands, “spare my aged sight! ye unblest feelings, crowd not on my soul! What, heard ye no shriek? breathed not a browner horror on these walls, as the angel of mercy found the task was vain, and gave the last tug at the sinner’s heart? Oh, wretched, hapless, miserable creature! and is it even thus with you? have you indeed resolved to brave the terrors of the day of wrath? have you indeed ‘denied the Holy One, and the just, and desired a murderer to be granted unto you?’—‘No, no,’ methinks you exclaim, ‘it is not so bad as that.’ How, how! not so bad as that? If you have experienced one feeling of regret for your mispent time, one desire to improve the

future to your soul's advantage—if your heart and your reason have made one confession this evening, that the things which I have spoken are true; and believing that you must one day appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, you have, notwithstanding, put these things from you, (recollect, they were the precious gifts of God!) and are now sitting down easy and contented, determining to put off your reformation to a more convenient season, may all this which I fear for you be done unto me, and more also, if I do not believe *that* more convenient season will never come to you.

“ But hold! there are some who have not yet dismissed their awakened fears, under the vain hope of finding some more fit time for repentance and reform. For them there is present hope—for them the hand of mercy is now stretched out. But oh! as through a glass, how darkly they see—how inadequate are their conceptions of the magnitude of the danger to which

they are exposed ! Let *me*, oh, let me endeavour to point it out !

“ You hang over the pit of destruction—you are suspended by a single hair ; beneath your feet ascendeth the smoke of torment ; the bellowings of rebellious spirits mix with the shrieks of the damned ; and the horridly ghastly smile is grinned forth, and the shout of derision is ready to be raised, in expectation that you will reject the offer of Heaven, and choose the damnation of hell !”

The sighs, ejaculations, and sobs, which had for some time been, as it seemed, suppressed with difficulty, now broke forth, and many were the wild cries of terror which these fearful words produced.

“ What, are you moved at last ?” said the preacher ; “ do you really profess a care for your immortal souls ? Do you wish to have Christ to rule over you ? do you wish to be on his side, and to be numbered with the sheep of his flock ? Will you clasp the hand which is even now extended towards you ? Well, if



this be the case——Silence! I have a message to you.

“ Jesus Christ, of whom it was said, whilst he dwelled among us, that this man receiveth sinners, is the same to-day, yesterday, and for ever. He still receiveth sinners; and I am commissioned, and here is my authority—(clasping the Bible)—here is my authority for assuring you, that if you come to him, he will in no wise cast you out. Courage, my brethren, courage! stretch forth your withered arms towards him; his gracious hand is even now extended—*now*, even *now*, whilst my voice is sounding in your ears. Clasp it—grasp it with confidence—grasp it, as the drowning wretch grasps the spar which shall save him from sinking—and—you are safe. Now, perhaps you will say, ‘we intend to do so, but are not yet prepared; so momentous an attempt requires time and deliberation ere we venture on it; these things must be done calmly and considerately.’ Shock not my ears by an expression of such horrid ingratitude—let



me not despise you for such brutal apathy! If you were to consider until the day of judgment, unto what wise conclusion could you come, unless it were to close in with the offers of your Saviour?

“What, does your soul hang quivering in the air? is it suspended, equipoised between heaven and hell? Are you ignorant at what moment the fingers of mercy may relax their hold, and drop you in the lake which burneth with fire unquenchable? And yet you must needs take time to consider if you will repent towards God, and have faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and be saved!

“But again: you cannot, you say, so suddenly change your hearts and lives; you cannot rashly commit yourselves, to give up your innocent and rational amusements. Now, out on you—shame on you—dolts, idiots that you are, for such perversion of language! Call you that rational, call you that innocent, which prevents your acceptance of pardon, and peace, and joy, at the hands of your Re-

deemer? As well might the loathed reptile spider refuse to disgorge its bloated bag of poison, on an offer of rescue from the fire into which it was to be thrown, as for you to falter and parley with your sins—your pleasures, your amusements, I care not what you call them—whilst you lose the hopes of everlasting life.

“ My message is said, my exhortation is given; I can do nothing more for you, than recommend you to God, and to the Son of his love.—Let us pray.”

The sketch I have attempted to give of the foregoing sermon, would be considered as feeble indeed by those who heard it. I can convey no idea of the effect which the venerable appearance, the awful intonation of voice, the confidence, the decision, the boldness, which the belief that he was moved to speak, not as mere man speaketh, produced on himself and on the congregation.

The invitation to prayer was unanimously and simultaneously accepted, so far as regards posture: they all kneeled. A sig-

nificant look from the preacher to the young person mentioned as being in the piazza on the arrival of colonel Berkley, was unobserved ; and whilst in deep and awful silence, there was a general expectancy, and even dread, of again hearing that voice which had in such harsh terms portrayed the dangers to which they were exposed, the Throne of Grace was most humbly, most devoutly addressed, in accents so soft, so sweet, yet so distinct, as can only be described in the beautiful lines of the now neglected Denham : they were indeed—

“ Though deep, yet clear—though gentle, yet not dull ;  
Strong without rage—without o’erflowing full ;”

and seemed to come from the inmost soul of one fully sensible that he was in the immediate presence of Him who had promised to be in the midst of those who were gathered together in his name.

To many, in whom convictions of their hapless situation had been produced, and whose aspirations for deliverance were sin-



cere, it sounded like the pleadings of a disembodied spirit, which, though freed from the encumbrances which flesh is heir to, was still bound by ties of love and affection to those it had left behind. So soothing, so delightful was the sensation produced, that the old preacher, carried away by the vehemence of his feelings, cried, in a voice high above that of the pleader—"Lift up your hearts!" there was a sweetly thrilling murmur responded from every part of the house—

"We lift them up unto the Lord!"

It was remembered, and afterwards mentioned, that when the first words of the stranger's prayer were pronounced, colonel Berkley had raised his head and looked round, and his agitation for a few moments was very great; it appeared, however, to subside suddenly, and no further notice was taken of the circumstance. When the congregation rose at the conclusion of the prayer, colonel Berkley remained in his kneeling posture. A cry immediately after

arose of—"Look to colonel Berkley!" and the old preacher rushed forward, with the exclamation of—"Forgive me, Heavenly Master, if I have exceeded my commission—the experiment has been too much for him." The young stranger was endeavouring, in an agony of terror, to raise him up, without assistance—he was unable to do so: the poor old gentleman had been struck with a paralytic affection, and was deprived of speech and motion.

The situation of Mrs. Belcour and her daughters was distressing. The congregation, from motives of interest or curiosity concerning colonel Berkley, or probably from both these causes, did not leave the house, and the press around the place where the ladies stood became extremely disagreeable. Besides her distress at witnessing the situation of her old friend and acquaintance, Mrs. Belcour was in an agony of impatience and chagrin at perceiving that both her daughters, but particularly the youngest, had suffered their feelings

to be highly wrought on by the Methodist preacher.

The landlord of the inn now arrived to their assistance, and pressing them through the crowd, conveyed them safely to his house.



CHAPTER III.  
~~~~~

Ruffian, let go that rude, uncivil touch !

Two Gentlemen of Verona,

THERE is a race of men, fast fading away from the memory of these latter times, whom I can remember as very useful, and frequently important personages, going under the denomination of “jacks of all trades.” This will not appear strange, however, when I add, that of the description of persons I allude to, one only was allowed to each neighbourhood. It excites no surprise, therefore, that it is now as difficult to meet with a genuine old English convict, as it soon will be to find an old revolutionary officer.

Of these there was not in America, and that is a bold word, a more proper fellow of his hands, than Joe Nailor. He was at

the service of any body and every body. Such was Joe's alacrity upon all emergencies, never once failing to appear in the very nick of time, that in more superstitious countries than these enlightened United States, he would have been supposed to be "up to a thing or two," the knowledge of which honest people had as well let alone.

The gust had not been over five minutes, before Joe was examining the injury Mrs. Belcour's carriage had sustained by the lightning; and having ascertained that it was not so considerable but that he could repair it, he was forthwith invested with full authority to take it in hand, and by the following morning he had remounted the box, and was ready to report it as in travelling order.

Joe Nailor possessed a quality in common with many of his adopted countrymen and countrywomen—he was mighty inquisitive; and having but few concerns of his own to busy himself with, it was

ever his delight to busy himself with the concerns of other people.

“And so your mistress,” said Joe, as he was about to withdraw from the carriage, and make his report of the completed repairs, “and so your mistress is off to the eastward, Quash?”

“My name, Mr. Nailor,” said the offended coachman, “is Lewis, when I am on these distant journeys.”

“Oh, what? Lewis is your travelling name? Well, I understand all that. I have known something of these changes. I have been one of the *alias tribe* myself. But, master Quash, alias Lewis, what takes good Mrs. Belcour so far from Rosemount this summer?”

“Why, Mr. Nailor, can you tell me the what that would keep her at home? First she travelled for her health—and then she took her daughters to see their aunts—and then she left them behind—and then she went for one—and then she went for the other—and now she is going for I don’t know what.”

“ Why for pleasure, Quash—I cry you mercy, Lewis. But I never, for my part, could understand the reason that your gay, fashionable, dashing people, who consider themselves the happiest people wherever they are, should always be so anxious to go and be happy somewhere else.”

“ ’Tis more than I can come at,” said Lewis, “ that mistress should leave such a home as Rosemount, to go jaunting along dusty roads, and putting up at all sorts of places, and crowding herself and daughters in boarding-houses. It’s beyond me, Mr. Nailor—it’s clean beyond me.”

“ But why so testy, good Lewis? You have been none the worse of it. You have learnt to speak as good English as an Englishman.”

“ As an Englishman !” said Lewis ; “ that’s a good one. Why yes, I have acquired some little taste for the eastern manners and customs ; and between you and me, I—I mean to stay there. But mum, Mr. Nailor—here comes Mr. Scoreum.”

“ Well, worthless Joe,” said the landlord, “ have you fitted up the carriage ?”

“ The carriage,” said the artist of all works, “ is never a feather the worse than when it started from Rosemount yesterday morning ; and bating the loss of Lively, and the stunning the ladies’ ears got at the Methodist meeting, Mrs. Belcour, your honour, is none the worse for the flash of lightning—and Joe Nailor is much the better.”

“ How much better, Joe, do you suppose ?” said the landlord. “ You know I will suffer no imposition here.

“ A pint of right New England particular stingo for the present, and whatever Mr. Scoreum may think reasonable over and above,” said Joe, with a bow, “ will be the amount of the bill of costs for repairs.”

Mr. Nailor, in consequence of this intimation, received the required quantum of morning potation, and inviting Lewis to partake thereof, he retired to the stable, to hold high and secret debate touching the

concerns of Mrs. Belcour and her daughters, the nature of which we shall hereafter be made acquainted with. I will, for the present, only remark, that amongst the advantages accruing to our travelling gentlefolks, from their frequent journeys to and fro through the land, their peace and comfort at home, as regards their servants, is not to be numbered; the loungers about tavern yards, and around livery stables, improve neither their manners nor their morals.

To the eager inquiries of the ladies for colonel Berkley, it was answered, that no person had been permitted to enter his room since midnight, when doctor Charge-well had left him to the care of his friend the preacher, and the strange young gentleman.

“I will endeavour to hear something more satisfactory,” said the younger Miss Belcour, as she left the room.

I have before mentioned, that the landlord of this inn was a decayed gentleman; he was well known to all the surrounding

gentry, and the Belcour family considered themselves at home in his house.

Miss Belcour therefore made no scruple to make her way towards the more private apartments of the family. As she entered a small parlour, she found it occupied by the young stranger—for at present we have no other name by which to designate him.

He was reading a scrap of paper, which appeared to be one of the doctor's prescriptions, for throwing it by, he immediately applied himself to a phial, from which, with great exactness, and much seeming interest, he began to drop the contents into a cup.

Miss Belcour, aware that he did not perceive her entrance, stood motionless, lest she should disturb him in his operation, until finishing more suddenly than she expected, he turned round, and discovered the features of the person by whom she had been so powerfully affected the evening before.—“ You can tell me, sir,”

said she, eagerly, "the situation of colonel Berkley?"

"I can tell you, with the most heartfelt gratitude, Miss Belcour, that he is better, both in body and mind."

"My gratitude is not less than yours," said Miss Belcour.—"May I venture to ask," she continued, with hesitation, "if his illness was produced by emotion, proceeding from the preacher's discourse?"

"The circumstances of the evening were every way calculated to agitate him," said the stranger; "and I humbly hope all may work together for his good."

"No less fervently than yourself, do I join the prayer," said the young lady. "But I detain you from him. Oh, sir! how gracious is the dispensation which has placed such friends near him, at such a time—so different, so very different from those with whom he has ever associated! There are some whose hearts bear witness to the truths which were yesterday so bluntly, but surely so honestly spoken, who will look in vain for such assistance."

The young gentleman gazed on her with surprise, and put down the cup which he had as yet held in his hand.—“Lady,” said he, “none will be without assistance who call on Him who is ‘a present help in every time of need.’”

“Oh that I may experience,” said she, with involuntary emotion, “oh that I may experience the truth of those comfortable words!—Tell colonel Berkley, sir, that he has my sincere and ardent prayers; and when it is well with him, as your words lead me to hope it will be, let him remember Eliza Belcour.”

“Eliza Belcour! Eliza Belcour!” cried the stranger, with animated surprise. “Is it from Eliza Belcour, Mrs. Belcour’s youngest daughter, that I hear such expressions? ’Tis impossible—impossible!”

“I really am at a loss, sir,” said Miss Belcour, “to understand you.”

“Oh, you cannot understand me!” cried he; “but rest assured, amiable Miss Belcour, colonel Berkley shall hear your mes-

sage, and he will not forget you, nor will his friends forget you."

At this moment Mrs. Belcour and her eldest daughter entered the room. Mrs. Belcour did not deign to notice the stranger's salutation. He bowed to the young ladies, possessed himself of the cup, and left the room.

"Is the young preacher as eloquent as the old one?" said the lady tartly; "I hope he makes not so free with those naughty, ugly words, beginning with H and D, as does the old gentleman."

"My dear mother," said Eliza, "colonel Berkley——"

"Is better, my dear," said Mrs. Belcour; "we were told so some time since. I heard you were in conference with Aminadab, and supposing the interchange of your *experiences* might be something of the longest, I made the inquiry myself. But come, breakfast is ready—colonel Berkley better—the carriage repaired—and we will be off."

As it is necessary the reader should ac-

company them, we must leave colonel Berkley for the present, critical as is his situation. Our three ladies left the inn, on the second morning of their journey, with the conviction that a jaunt of pleasure is not in all its stages a pleasant jaunt. Short as had been the period since they left their home, much had occurred to damp the spirits of each individual of our party, and inseparable as it would seem were their interests, their views, and expectations, yet the clouds of disappointment which overshadowed their prospects, came from widely different quarters.

As the coach rolled by the meeting-house, Mrs. Belcour threw towards it a look of ineffable scorn.—“In evil hour,” said she, “did we enter that conventicle of folly and fanaticism. Poor colonel Berkley! well, it was all his fault—it was his proposal.”

“Colonel Berkley is much better, mamma,” said Eliza timidly; “and if it should have the effect of turning his mind to a

subject, surely of all others the most important——”

“Nonsense,” said her mother, interrupting her. “Colonel Berkley has, for a long time, been in a declining way; his spirits, I am assured by his most intimate friends, would have entirely deserted him, if he had not kept them up by a constant succession of cheerful company, and by partaking, more eagerly than ever, in all his old-fashioned amusements. The shock will be fatal to him, I am convinced, and I shall ever consider that old ranting fool as his murderer; were it not for one consideration, I should think it highly imprudent for me to leave him in his present situation.”

“We could have rendered him no assistance,” said Maria, the elder Miss Belcour, “and to remain at the inn would have been dreadfully disagreeable.”

“Remaining at the inn a moment longer was not to be thought of; yet, was it not for your disappointment, I should return to

Rosemount ; but, perhaps," said she, musing, " 'tis as well as it is."

" We should have no objection whatever," said both the young ladies in a breath, " to return to Rosemount."

Mrs. Belcour looked at her daughters, as if she distrusted her ears. The unusual seriousness and deep concern which she perceived in the countenance of both, put her beyond the point of all sober patience. —" I have ever considered," said she, collecting herself with great dignity, " I have ever considered the mania of Methodism as exceeded in horror only by the hydrophobia ; but dreadful as they both are, I never expected personal danger to myself from either, as I thought it as unlikely that I should stumble against a Methodist preacher, as against a mad dog. I am perfectly astonished," said she, rising in her anger, " I am perfectly astonished, that some means are not resorted to for the punishment of all such idle, vagabond disturbers of the peace and happiness of society ; but that my domestic peace, my

happiness as an individual, should have been disturbed by the ravings of a hypocrite, or fanatic, I care not which he is, is indeed an unexpected blow."

Her daughters had been taught by experience to let the good lady exhaust her passion, or rather herself, before they attempted to sooth her. As she now, however, made a full pause, it would have been unbecoming to remain longer silent.

"You mistake the case as regards me, my dear mother," said Maria. "I do not deny that the old preacher's violent manner of stating the nature of our real situation, made some impression on me. I have before felt the necessity of having *some* religion, and have often wished to converse with you on the subject, dear mamma—but no Methodist for me. For my serious looks—I am unwell: the fatigue of yesterday—the gust—the meeting—colonel Berkley—together, I believe, has discomposed me, and I acknowledge I feel quite superstitious at setting out, under such circumstances."

“ Well, well,” said Mrs. Belcour ; “ your sadness is rather more reasonably accounted for than I expected.—But what says lady Huntingdon the second ? she, I suppose, is inwardly moved to sorrow and sighing, by deeper concerns.”

“ Together with the feelings which I experience in common with my sister,” said Eliza, “ arising from the circumstances she has mentioned, I will not conceal from you, my dear mother, that I am fully convinced, what we yesterday heard at the meeting-house was the truth.”

“ The truth !” said Mrs. Belcour scornfully ; “ and suppose it was the truth, what right has a Methodist preacher to make my daughter uneasy about the truth, as you call it ? But I cry you mercy,” said the lady, reddening at the idea—“ perhaps I may be told my daughter is a Methodist. My daughter,” she continued, and darting at her an angry look, “ shall never be a Methodist, even though Eliza Belcour be one.”

“ My sister,” said Maria, much hurt at her mother’s unnecessary warmth, “ will never be other than an attached member of the episcopal church: no, no, there is no fear of Methodism; all that screaming and ranting may do for vulgar people, but it can have no charms for us.”

“ You have spoken kindly and truly, my Maria,” said Eliza, “ and you do me no more than justice. Never will I be other than a member of the church into which I was admitted in baptism—never, I trust, shall I desert that form of worship which my heart and reason so fully approve; but I am sure I only do credit to the opinions of my own particular sect, by cherishing a feeling of good will and charity towards Christians of all denominations. The hollowing and bawling of which you speak does not suit us. The edifice of our hopes is raised without noise: the advantages of education, and the refinement of society, have done much for us; but there are those who require moulding by no tender hands. Thus we read,

that the Temple was built at Jerusalem without the noise of the axe and hammer; the timbers were prepared for the purpose, and required only to be lifted and fitted in their allotted spaces; but we may reasonably conclude there was no small din among the forests of Mount Lebanon, where these timbers were growing in their native, rough, and formless state."

"Bravo, Miss Eliza Belcour!" said her mother—"why, thou wantest only a white satin bonnet, and a russet gown, and thou art qualified for a class leader! But proceed, I pray thee. Thou wilt not, I perceive, prove such a Boanerges, such a son of thunder, as master John Fell; and haply thy discourse may assist me to recover the fatigues of yesterday." She yawned affectedly, and threw herself back in the coach.

Eliza knew her mother felt too much pleased at what she considered a successful attempt at ridicule, to be any longer angry at the cause of it; so, prudently resolving to avoid any farther explanation

of her feelings, she remained silent, and the lady's feigned sleep soon became real. Thus the young ladies were left to their own reflections, until, after a ride of some hours, they arrived at a small tavern, at which they were to dine.

The heat of this day, like that of the day before, was excessive, and their next stage being a long one, the ladies were forced to recommence their journey during the hottest part of it.

The fair-haired, hazel-eyed, white-skinned beauties of the south are martyrs from infancy to the fear of freckles; and as the ancient Persians worshipped the sun, as the dispenser of all good, so our southern beauties, of this description, dread him as the inflicter of all evil; their first, their last, their only care, is to avoid his rays.

Maria Belcour was beautiful, and she was fair. The first words she was made to understand contained the all-important admonition, to shun every appearance of sunshine; and the poor girl had been

literally imprisoned during the greater part of her life.

If the reader is not so unfortunate as to have a very beautiful wife, or to know some very beautiful creature, whom he would fain invest with that august title, whose face would shame the lily and out-blush the rose, he can make no allowance for the feeling which I manifest on this occasion; but what, permit me to ask, can be the expansion of the mind of her whose eyes have never been permitted to look abroad on the beauties and wonders of nature? "The flowering spring, the summer's ardent strength, and sober autumn fading into age," is all to them one universal blank. For of the lady who is confined to the inmost recesses of her house, guarded by Venetian blinds, shutters, and green veils, through the day, and who is only suffered to come abroad with the bats and the owls, surely it may be said that clouds and ever-during darkness surround her, and wisdom is at one entrance quite shut out. The sun was as

effectually excluded from Mrs. Belcour's coach as from an eastern veranda. There was danger of suffocation indeed, but none of freckles, and Mrs. Belcour was satisfied.

"Girls," said Mrs. Belcour, after a silence of some minutes, and attempting a careless manner, in which, however, she was not successful, "do you know that I observed in the paper I picked up at the inn, that George Berkley has arrived in New-York?"

"Colonel Berkley did not mention it," said Maria.

"The poor old gentleman seldom reads even the newspapers," said Eliza; "and his unfeeling son would scarcely be at the trouble of writing to him."

"That is the way with all your mighty good people; they forget that charity is the first of Christian virtues," said Mrs. Belcour peevishly.

"I must own," said Eliza, "that I do feel less of it towards that young man than towards any person I know, or rather

ever heard of, for know him I do not, and hope I never may."

"What, the young brother with whom you held the morning conference," said Mrs. Belcour, "would not approve of such a gay acquaintance?"

"I never considered what the person you speak of might approve," replied Eliza; "but you yourself, my dear mamma, would not approve the man who, after having been separated from his only surviving parent from the age of nine years, should, on returning to his native country at twenty-one, remain one month only, leaving his father, by whom he had been so long and so anxiously expected, to wear out the remnant of his life childless and every way lonely."

"Foolish girl," said Mrs. Belcour, "I tell you he is now returned, and I have no doubt will soon be at Berkley Park."

"I have no doubt of it either," said Eliza scornfully; "he will be at home to take possession."

Mrs. Belcour's look indicated the per-

plexity of one who, wishing to urge a favourite point, was doubtful if they would not do more harm than good, by continuing the discussion. After a little reflection, she betook herself to her accustomed refuge, and soon was indulging in a comfortable nap in the carriage.

I have, I believe, given some intimation of the style of beauty of the elder Miss Belcour, but said nothing of that of Eliza. She also was a beauty ; she was a brunette, with soft, intelligent, dark—— But hold, I will make sure work of it.

Reader, that is, if you are a married reader, fancy your own wife—(a vulgar word, but I have never a better at hand)—fancy then your own wife, and it will give you some idea of Eliza, as to form, expression, feature, and so forth, making such allowance for difference of complexion as the case may require, provided always you can remember how she looked before she gave you the first *lecture*. I will not trust my favourite in your hands, to be formed after the model of *madam*, as she

stands in your eyes, after that eventful time. If the reader is a single gentleman, and in love—*verbum sat*—he will be at no loss to imagine something very lovely indeed. If he is not in love, we should never come to any understanding on the subject; so I shall not trouble myself about *him*.

To the fair ladies, and brown ladies, who may honour these pages with a perusal, I have only to say, that Eliza Belcour was, at the period at which I introduce her, just eighteen years of age, and as handsome as any thing they ever saw, even in a looking-glass; and I know that is a very bold assertion.

Differing as did these sisters in complexion, manners, and tempers, yet was there one essential point in which there was not a shade of distinction — their love for each other was mutual and unbounded.

From the time the lady-mother had composed herself to sleep, her daughters had been careful not to disturb her by

talking; and they travelled on in darkness and silence, for, as before observed, the light was effectually excluded from the coach.

The road, which had hitherto been as smooth as a pavement, now became rough and uneven, and Mrs. Belcour was awakened from her afternoon's nap by the jolting of the carriage over stumps and stones. To her inquiries for the cause of this change, she was answered, that the road was a little altered, and the new part not yet become smooth. As they progressed, however, it became more and more rough, and the carriage began to be entangled in overhanging boughs.

"What can be the meaning of all this?" said Mrs. Belcour, as she put down one of the blinds; "we cannot be in the public road!"

"Diverged a trifle, ladies," said a strange voice; "but not to speak of;" and the door was opened with violence by our acquaintance, Joe Nailor.—"Permit me, ladies," said he, with much civility, "to hand

you from the carriage. Very pretty, rural, shady place this, and you can amuse yourself by examining its beauties, whilst I examine if my work of repairs stands fast."

"Oh, help ! help ! mercy ! Lewis ! Jack ! oh, help ! help !" shrieked the ladies.

But Lewis and Jack were deliberately unharnessing the horses, and could not, perhaps, if they would, venture to look towards the ladies.

"Oh, for sweet mercy's sake, what does this mean ?" said Mrs. Belcour, nearly fainting with terror.

"Nothing of any consequence, madam," said the villain Nailor ; "no offence in the world, no offence intended—only my friends, Lewis and Jack, and myself, intend a trip to the eastward, and your mode of travelling is too slow : we must make free with your horses, ladies, and travelling is expensive.—That dressing-box, Miss, if you please.—Your feet off that trunk, madam," said he, pulling it out. "No offence ; I was always remarkably genteel on these occasions—rather

rusty at present ; but shall endeavour not to forfeit the name of courtly Joe of Paddington. And now, madam, be so kind as to let me have the care of your purse and pocketbook ; I think it not safe to trust the valuables they contain with ladies so unguarded as you will be after we leave you. You might be robbed, ladies ; there is no help at hand, I promise you."

At this moment, so big with horror, the clattering of horses' hoofs was heard, and in an instant they were surrounded by six armed horsemen ; five of them rushed to secure the villains, who had run off, and the sixth flew to the carriage, exclaiming—" Ladies, you are safe !"

The sudden revolution of feeling, from the most agonizing terror to that of rapturous surprise, was more than Eliza could bear, and she fainted ; for in their deliverer she recognised the young stranger of the inn.

Mrs. Belcour and Maria were unable to afford her any assistance, their own fears,

though changed, not being removed. They were surrounded by strangers, for whose appearance they were unable to account; nor were Mrs. Belcour's suspicions lessened, when she too remembered the young stranger of the inn.

"I must be allowed, madam," said he, "to take Miss Belcour from the carriage; the fresh air only can restore her."

"For Heaven's sake," said Mrs. Belcour, with an undefined fear of some dangerous design, "what is it you mean to do?"

"To afford you, ladies," returned the stranger, with a smile of encouraging benignity, "every possible assistance."

"You should be a gentleman," said Mrs. Belcour, "from your manner; but how came you here—how knew you to arrive so opportunely?"

"A few, very few words would explain it, madam; but I must first take Miss Belcour from the carriage."

Recovered by the fresh air, Eliza, on opening her eyes, encountered those of

the stranger; and remembering nothing at the moment but what the object before her called to mind, she eagerly asked—
“How is colonel Berkley?”

“He is recovering, and will be delighted to hear you are so much interested for him, as most truly is his friend.” Then turning to Mrs. Belcour—“Your servant, madam, whom you left at the inn, in consequence of his horse being wanted to supply the place of the one you lost, expressed, after you were gone, some fears that all was not right between Nailor and your coachman; his expressions were repeated to me, and on questioning the lad, I found there was even more cause for alarm than he himself was aware of. These fears were greatly heightened, by ascertaining that Nailor had procured a horse of a neighbouring farmer, and gone off. A few persons were hastily collected; and colonel Berkley, accidentally hearing the cause of our uneasiness, insisted on my leaving him. Our worst apprehensions were renewed at the inn where you dined,

and where it appears Nailor overtook you. The turn of the carriage from the public road was discovered by its track, and we have the unspeakable happiness to know we arrived in time. The wretches I see are secured; we will mount your faithful James on the box, who you perceive is one of our party, and endeavour to regain the public road ere night-fall, for I must not conceal from you, that you are at a considerable distance from any house."

The ladies were then reseated in the coach; and leaving the robbers under the guard of three stout men, to be conducted to the nearest prison, our party, escorted by the stranger of the inn and our friend Scoreum (for mine host had mounted on this occasion), endeavoured to make their way back to the public road.

The presence of Mr. Scoreum had banished all immediate fear from the mind of Mrs. Belcour; but, notwithstanding the services he had rendered, she was still anxious to get rid of his companion.—
"That a Methodist preacher," said she

mentally, "should be so extremely handsome, and so well bred, is to me perfectly astonishing; and then that we should be forced to consider ourselves under such obligations to him!"

Whilst these reflections were passing in the mind of Mrs. Belcour, I have not time to mention what were the reflections of her daughters; for a figure most strangely caparisoned and mounted rushed from a side path, and took possession (against his will it seemed) of the narrow road.

CHAPTER IV.
~~~~~

The parson of our parish  
Has lost his puzzling cap.

*Old Play.*

HAD the knight of La Mancha, or even Pentapolin with the naked arm, suddenly emerged from the forest, and presented himself to the eyes of our travellers, their astonishment could not have exceeded that which they felt on beholding the figure mentioned at the conclusion of the last chapter.

Mounted on a brown mule, was a tall, thin, formal man, apparently about thirty years of age; he sat as bolt upright (to use a common simile), as if he had swallowed a ramrod; his feet so near the ground, that unless from close inspection, it could not but appear that they did actually reach it—and he would have looked

as though he were standing over a child's hobby, but that the mule, taking it as no "point of friendship" to be so bestrode, winced, and dogged, and ducked its head, and turned round and round, until finding its course obstructed by the coach, in the only path it was willing to take, it fairly lifted up its voice, and brayed aloud.

The rider was clothed in a decent suit of what was generally called parson's grey, at that time the distinguishing dress of clergymen. His blue eyes, high cheek bones, long face, and red hair, indicated that he was neither buckskin or Yankee, but rather seemed to bespeak him of "the land of bannocks and kale."

His sedate, composed, and rather austere cast of countenance, would well have comported with his dress, but that in one particular his appearance set at defiance all possible conjecture, as to what manner of man he might prove to be. He wore on his head a lady's blue beaver hat.

Mr. Scoreum accosted the person thus described with civility, and asked him if he

was sufficiently acquainted with the neighbourhood, to enable him to inform them whether the ladies in the coach could be accommodated in any respectable lodging near at hand; adding, that a very unpleasant occurrence, no less than an attempted robbery, had made them extremely anxious to put up for the night.

Our young friend of the inn was scarcely less astonished at the grotesque appearance of the stranger, than at the collected and courteous manner in which he replied to the landlord's question.—“I regret to learn,” said he of the blue beaver, “that such an outrage should have been attempted amid these peaceful, and hitherto secure and quiet shades;

‘*Hic securæ quies, et nescia fallere vita,*’

had been, I thought, an appropriate motto for the entrance of this wood; and I confess the circumstance greatly moves my wonder. To your inquiries concerning a domicile, which may afford shelter du-



ring the ensuing night, the crepusculum of which I perceive has commenced, I answer, that immediately below that hill lives a wealthy and hospitable Quaker pair, who, I venture without dubiety to pronounce, will afford you the desideratum you mention."

"I perceive," said Mr. Scoreum, "you speak of Mr. Basil Roberts, of Indian Spring Valley; I am perplexed in this wood, but am not so far from home, but I know *who* is *who* hereabouts; and whilst my hand is in, I may as well guess I see the reverend Mr. Marmaduke Scott, formerly of Scotland, now rector of this parish."

"You are right, sir," said the rider of the mule, "in all your assumptions. Basil Roberts, of Indian Spring Valley, is the person to whose house I will forthwith shew you the way. Marmaduke is my patronymic, or sponsorial appellation; and had I fifty tongues, they would all bear witness that I am *nae ither* than one of the Scotts: that I am a native of Scot-

land, is also true, for I was erewhile, as the old song says,

‘ A man of pleasant Tiviotdale,  
Fast by the river Tweed.’

As he spoke, he essayed to put his steed in motion, and mulish as was the disposition of the beast which bore this man of Tweedside, yet it saw not good to contend against such fearful odds, as its rider now had in favour of his choice of roads; and therefore on its head being pulled round by Mr. Scoreum, it trotted off at a round rate, in the direction given it.—“ I would accompany your party to the house itself,” said Mr. Scott, as, on reaching the brow of the hill which overlooked it, he pointed it out, “ but for a plaguy trick Dunmore, my horse, has got this evening of braying; and you must know, gentlemen, that Basil Roberts, though I suspect but a wet Quaker, is nevertheless a dry sarcastic humorist.”

“ We shall hardly be sure of a welcome without your introduction,” said Scoreum;

“ though I must needs say, that if ’tis braying you have a dislike to, you would do well to part with Dunmore—from the length of his ears I suspect he often offends in that way.”

“ Eh ! what ? ” said Mr. Scott, looking at the creature’s ears as if for the first time ; the whole truth at once flashed on him, and he reddened to the forehead with confusion and indignation.—“ It was not, gentlemen,” said he, “ that I was oblivious or unmindful of Dunmore ; but I left a wedding, where I performed the ceremony in some haste, and I minded not what I mounted, so that I got away ; but I must leave you. I cannot bear to encounter this foolish man Basil on this preposterous animal.—I will make you go the way I please,” said he, as he struck the mule over the head with his switch.

Ah, luckless word and bootless boast ! for the mule, at this unfriendly mode of arguing the matter, set up a most terrible shout of lamentation ; the truth was, she had snuffed the fragrance of a clover



field, and had predetermined in her own mind not to leave Indian Spring Valley until she had partaken of its sweets.

“Imp of abomination!” said the rider, “I will see if you will take me away or not;” but just at this moment the man of all others the most dreaded by Mr. Scott stood before them, even Basil Roberts himself.

Mr. Scoreum and the young gentleman immediately made him acquainted with the name of Mrs. Belcour, stated the circumstances in which she was placed, and the object of their approach to his house.

“Friends, you are heartily welcome; were I any way given to popery—you are welcome, friends—were I any way given to popery, I should cross myself.”

“Shall I introduce you to the ladies in the coach?” said Scoreum, willing to take his attention from poor Mr. Scott.

“Oh, not now,” said he—“let us jog on.—What, were there maskers at the wedding? I pray thee tell me, were there maskers?”

“ This,” said Mr. Scoreum, “ is the reverend Mr. Marmaduke Scott.”

“ I know him, friend, I know him, and am pleased to see him.—I am pleased to see thee, friend Scott. Thou hast made an early flitting of it from neighbour Jolly’s: come, put on, put on; thy brute really trots very easy.”

“ I beg you to spare your remarks,” said Mr. Scott. “ I acknowledge I am at a loss to know how I made the exchange.”

“ Well, I pretend not to read the riddle,” said Roberts. “ I have heard, to be sure, of persons who, when the wind was eastwardly, did not know a hawk from a handsaw; but that a learned scholar from St. Andrew’s should not know a horse from a mule, is very astonishing, and beyond the compass of my slender comprehension.”

“ I was in a hurry, Mr. Roberts,” said Mr. Scott, “ and I gave little attention to the beast I was to ride.”

“ Likely, likely,” said the persevering Roberts; “ but truly I should as soon have supposed thou wouldst have taken

the widow Tryagain's blue gipsy beaver for thy own old white and brown hat.—What now mightest thou suppose to be the value of that long-eared bargain of thine?"

"Master Basil Roberts," said Mr. Scott, "these strangers are little interested in this idle talk; and that you may give your attention to them, I will take my leave."

"That shalt thou not; what makes the difference, so that thou wast conveyed to neighbour Jolly's, and performed the marriage ceremony? I see no cause for complaint; thou hast married the couple, and that's enough. To be sure persons less inimical to idle jokes than myself, might say, that as thou wast sent for to confer a blessing, and not a curse, thy palfrey was illy chosen. So do not I think. But we are at the gate, and though thou comest in such a questionable shape, thou art most welcome. And here comes my Nancy, on hospitable thoughts intent; let me haste to make her known to friend Belcour."



Friend Belcour would have preferred an introduction to any other person rather than to Mrs. Roberts; and had she been consulted (for her escort had considered the emergency of the case to be such as to render such consultation unnecessary), I believe she would have less dreaded a summer night in greenwood spent, than an offer of hospitable accommodation at the hands of Basil Roberts and his wife. In the first place, she despised and disliked a Quaker, even more than she did a Methodist; and in the next, she remembered, about six months before, the said Basil Roberts and his wife, applying for a night's lodging at Rosemount, on a wet and stormy evening, during a journey they were making, were, after some hesitation to admit them at all, sent to the servants' apartments.

Her husband's promise, that the ladies should be made to feel at home, was kept by Nancy to its utmost extent. A few words were sufficient to make her fully comprehend the circumstances which had

thrown them on her hospitality, and she entered at once, with the feelings of a sister, on the task of soothing their agitation, and reviving their spirits. Her manner was so cordial, so kind, so unaffectedly pleasing, that even the chagrin and prejudices of Mrs. Belcour were, for the moment, subdued, and she acknowledged she had never seen so sweet an assemblage of all that was endearing, as in Nancy Roberts.

We must now return to the male division of our party. Short greeting seemed to Basil sufficient to prove to his company that he was glad to see them; indeed, he left them no room to doubt that he was highly delighted, with one of them at least. —“The company assembled at our neighbour’s wedding was not to thy mind, I doubt me, friend Marmaduke?” said Basil.

“There was, I am sorry to say,” replied Mr. Scott, “much riot, and, as I thought, ill-judged merriment.”

“Likely, likely,” said Basil; “the hill country round about does but too certainly

furnish many rough customers for a scene of that description. But I hope, in thy haste to depart, for that thy retreat was effected under circumstances causing great perturbation of mind, I do partly conjecture, and partly perceive—yet I hope, I say, thou didst not hurry away ere thou hadst received the *symbolum*, the *fee*, or rather the *honorarium*, which is customary on such occasions?”

“I will tell you plainly, Mr. Roberts,” said the minister, very gravely, “that I had no sooner performed the ceremony, than I was required——” Here the good man blushed, as though about to utter a word for which his lips were little calculated.

“To kiss the bride,” said Basil, laughing.

“It was even so,” said the minister; “albeit, I had made up my mind to submit to a custom so well established, as I was assured, by ancient usage; but I was moreover required——”

“To go the rounds, ha! was it not, friend Marmaduke?” said Basil. “Well,



thou couldst not be brought to the charge; and whilst thou stood trembling in doubts whether to fight or fly, neighbour Jolly was mustering his forces to storm the defences which thy modesty had set up—the female phalanx was about to move forward, the which perceiving, and thy outward man being in imminent danger, thou didst fairly give them the slip, seized on the first article thou sawest in the shape of a hat, mounted the first four-footed animal thou couldst find, and left the company of sportsmen and sportswomen shouting forth—‘Broke cover—broke cover!—Ha! say I not well, friend Scott? was it not somewhat so?’

“I confess,” said the minister, “*remacuta tigisti*, you are not far from the truth in your fanciful narration.”

“I knew it,” said Basil. “This comes of your marriage ceremonies; *we* order these matters better among our people.” Then attempting to assume a look of solemn gravity, which contrasted illy with his naturally sly, sarcastic cast of counte-

nance, he said, turning to Mr. Scoreum and the young stranger, and as though out of the hearing of the minister—"That one who considers himself called to be a parson, which, if I am rightly informed, is but a corruption of *persona*, that is, the person, because by his person the church is represented—that one who bears that most distinguished appellation——" Here he whispered so low as only to be heard by the stranger.

"Let me hear," said the minister, good-humouredly, "let me hear what induction you make from your learned exposition of the word parson."

"He is himself," continued Roberts, not a little pleased to have an opportunity of shewing his learning—"he is in himself a body-corporate, to protect and defend the rights of the church, by a perpetual succession; he is, I grant you, sometimes called rector of the church; but parson is the more honourable title, because, as sir Edward Coke observes, *he*, and *he* only, is said, ' *vicem seu personam*

*ecclesiæ gerere* ;' now that this man, or this person——" Here again his voice sunk to a whisper.

" Good master Basil Roberts, of Indian Spring Valley," said Mr. Scott, " deliver yourself in a more audible voice of those ruminations with which your head appears so to labour."

" Why, truly, friend Scott," returned he, " the inside of my head is thrown into so great confusion by the strange appearance of the outside of thine."

Off came the blue beaver; and if the hand of the reverend Mr. Marmaduke Scott had encountered one of the living ringlets which erst formed the fanciful headdress of Miss Medusa, the poor man could not have thrown it from him with more real abhorrence and affright.—" And have I made this appearance," cried he, in accents of confusion and distress, " before respectable persons—this most preposterous appearance? Oh, my shameful absence—my unconquerable absence! there is disgrace, there is dishonour in it."



“There is not only dishonour in it,” said Basil, who could not resist, though he began to pity him; “but, as Trinculo says, and as the widow Tryagain will say, when she finds thou hast made off with her new gipsy, and left her thy old slouch, there is infinite prejudice and loss in it; yet this is your innocent goblin. I would wager thee a crown, provided Nancy does not overhear me, that she hath slung thy faithful old servant of all weathers into the horse-pond; and if thy head had been in it, to give it weight, and make it sink, she had only been the better pleased.”

The poor man was utterly confounded, and said not a word in reply to this sally. —“Had he made battle,” said Basil afterwards, “it had been another thing; as it was, I am sorry I added to his mortification.”

CHAPTER V.  
~~~~~

A pleasing land of drowsy head it was.

Castle of Indolence.

Indian Spring Valley.

THE spring which gave its name to this beautiful spot gushed from an aperture in a high rock, and falling, in tones of musical cadence, from steep to steep, through overhanging boughs of green ivy, threw up a white and sparkling foam from its basin below; from this basin, as it overflowed its brim,

“ —— Unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
And hurled every where their waters sheen ;
Which, as they bicker'd through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.”

Disengaged, at length, from the rocky and obstructed channels through which they forced their foaming and precipitous

course, the waters were concentrated as they reached the broad and level bottom of the valley, forming a clear, bold, though gentle stream, which rolled its silver winding way through grove and mead, until it disappeared between the intersecting points of hills which terminated the prospect of Indian Spring Valley.

“Of the house which was lightsome, and roomy, and warm,

Fit to take in a friend, and to keep out a storm;

I care not to tell if of brick, stone, or plaster—

And if 'twas old-fashion'd—why so was its master.”

It was situated on a small eminence, commanding a complete view of the whole valley, and at just such a distance from the spring itself as enabled you to hear, and scarcely to hear, the fall of its fountains. Behind it rose a sable, solemn, silent forest, which, waving to and fro, produced a pleasing melancholy, ever and anon increased by the plaint of the dove, wailing from its deepest recesses, and swelling with tender and mournful lament the passing gale.

In front of the house the scene was more animating. The herds, of which Basil Roberts possessed good store, lowed along the vale; the sheep were bleating from the hills, the ploughman whistled o'er the lea, nor was the cheerful clack of a water-mill wanting to complete this most sweet assemblage of sylvan sounds.

Such is Indian Spring Valley during the broad glare of day; but, like Melrose Abbey, it must be visited by the pale moonlight, would we enjoy the scene in all its loveliness. Now it did so happen, that the queen of the silver bow had just climbed the highest hill which embosomed this delicious nest, and was pouring a flood of radiance on the scene, as Nancy Roberts, attended by her guests, Mrs. Belcour and her beautiful daughters, joined the gentlemen of our party, who, seated in an old-fashioned piazza, were enjoying the balmy freshness of a midsummer's eve.

The evening passed away more pleasantly even with Mrs. Belcour than was anticipated; she was forced to smile at the

Good-humoured whimsicality of friend Roberts, whilst her mind was occupied and amused by endless conjectures respecting the young stranger of the inn.

The graceful, unassuming ease of his manners would have satisfied a lady of less penetration than Mrs. Belcour, that he had been accustomed to what is called "the first society;" and though he had, as by accident, let fall that he was a native of the state, he appeared to be known only to Mr. Scoreum, who, it was observable, had not once addressed him by name; but however fluctuating might have been the opinion of the lady-mother concerning him, that of her daughters, and more particularly of the youngest, quickly settled at one cardinal point, namely—that he was very handsome and very interesting.

The scene, the hour, the company, appeared to harmonize with his feelings, and he described the sensations they inspired with the animation of one who was accustomed to gaze on nature with a lover's

eye; clothing his ideas in language which shewed him acquainted with all that the mighty masters of the lyre had said on similar occasions; nor was Mr. Scott unfitted to take his full share in the conversation, which had now become highly animated and pleasing to the young people; but as his quotations were mostly taken from Virgil and Theocritus, our young ladies did not (I presume, from their not understanding a word he said) consider him to be quite so agreeable as was the stranger youth.

Yet did Mr. Scott give evidence of a correct taste and excellent feelings, and when, rising from the contemplation of nature up to nature's God, our young unknown, carried away by the circumstances of the moment, gave vent to the emotions of fervent love and devotion, which were the ever animating principle of all his thoughts, Mr. Scott was not slow to catch the strain, and to bear his testimony to the truth of the assertion, that we must acquaint ourselves with God, if we would

taste his works, and that we can only become acquainted with him through the Son of his love.

“ I have heard that it has been said,” began Mrs. Roberts, after a pause in the conversation, in which she had as yet taken no part—“ I have heard that it was the profane observation of a certain infidel wit, ‘ if the world had been made by a Quaker, what a drab-coloured thing it would have been !’ and haply my pleasing young friends now present, who have so feelingly, and, as I conceive, to a certain degree, so piously, expressed themselves, touching the beautiful works of nature, may entertain the opinion that I do not participate with them in the delightful contemplation of those bright and lovely scenes offered to our eyes by Him who is wonderful in council and excellent in workings: but the idea of the poor infidel was not more profane and irreverent towards his Maker, than it is unjust and untrue towards us, his servants, called in derision, from I know not what cause,

Quakers. We believe, with the holy apostle," continued Mrs. Roberts, "that God, who made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; hence it is, that we build no heaven-directed spire—we raise no costly edifice to his glory. He who layeth the beams of His chambers in the waters, and maketh the clouds His chariots, and walketh upon the wings of the wind, is ever in His holy temple, even the world, which He himself has made; and though, lest we should forsake the assembling of ourselves together, we build some humble shelter for our convenience, we dare not adorn it, as though we were offering it as a building worthy of the name of the Most High. True it is we adorn not ourselves, for we remember the words of one that was wise, which tells us not to mind the outward adorning, of the plaiting of the hair, of wearing of gold, and of putting on of apparel, but to mind the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible,

even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price: for these things, friends, we are derided; for these things, our taste is called in question; for these things, we are accounted low, and sordid, and mean, and pitiful, devoid of fancy and imagination, dead to the refined and humanizing emotions which arise from the contemplation of the wonders and beauties of nature and art. Oh, friends! dear young friends! they wrong us when they say we do not love our blessed Master in his works. Is there a child of God who looks abroad into the varied field of nature, and sees the cloud-capt mountain, the fertile valley, the resplendent river, and does not feel his breast dilate with conscious pleasure as he cries ‘my Father made it all?’ Think you I dwell amid this pleasant vale, and that I am insensible or ungrateful for its rural beauties? No, friends—my lines have fallen in pleasant places, and I know it. Think you that I view the graceful waving of this close-embow-

ering wood—that I hear the music of those trickling rills, so gently falling on the listening ear—that I see the moonbeams playing on yon stream, without remembering Him who spoke and it was made, who commanded and it stood fast? Oh yes,” cried she, raising to heaven her unpresumptuous eye, whilst the hearts of her auditory swelled with the animation she evinced—“oh yes, I praise him in all his works—I acknowledge him in all his ways! here—even here, in this secluded spot, he warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze; he is seen in the clouds—he is heard in the wind, not less that when his voice sounds in the pealing thunders of the tropics, or rebellows in the stormy surge which boils, and wheels around the poles.”

As Mrs. Roberts concluded, she sat down, and resumed her bonnet, for, on rising to express the foregoing sentiments, she had laid it aside. The solemnity of her manner, joined to the surprise felt by

those of the company unacquainted with the usages of Quakers, kept them all silent, and looking to Basil, as a guide to be followed, they perceived, from the composed, thoughtful cast of his features, and the formal closure of his hands on the buckhorn head of his cane, that they were to consider the company as engaged in a religious exercise.

Not very long did Mrs. Roberts remain silent; she rose, with more precision in her manner than on the first occasion. As she removed her large bonnet, or rather, hat, from her head, she carefully tucked her raven curls, which would else have clustered on her forehead, under her mob-eared cap. Some of my young readers may be disposed to smile at the idea of the clustering curls of a Quaker preacher; yet, be it known, there was not wanting a befitting alabaster brow, and corresponding eyes of darkest jet, and all other appliances and means to boot, to form a face of exquisite beauty and loveliness.

In delivering the following words, she

adopted (she had not before done so) that mode of public speaking peculiar to her sect.—“ I am concerned, my dear young people, before we surrender ourselves this night to the keeping of that Watcher who neither slumbereth nor sleepeth, to offer to your serious consideration some feelings, and drawings, as it were, which have greatly exercised my mind since we have been sitting together. And oh, dear friends, that the words of my exhortation could be rendered more acceptable to you than I fear they are likely to prove! and but that I may not put this thing from me, I had been content to remain silent, the rather in that I may be thought to be an ungracious entertainer of my interesting visitors. But how shall I dare to conceal, that a day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness, as the morning spread upon the mountains, is near at hand?

“ Oh, ye daughters of beauty! when age shall make the sound of the grinding

of pleasure low, when your heads shall blossom as the almond-tree, and the weight of a grasshopper be a burden to you ; when the days shall draw nigh in which you shall say, ‘ We have no pleasure in them,’ then, and not till then, would my counsel be heard with acceptance. But now, whilst every pulse-string is tuned to joy, and high with health, your hearts exulting leap, how shall I be believed when I say, the path you tread, is it not beset with dangers on the right hand and on the left? the cup of pleasure which you drink, is it not entwined with thorns? and do not adders hiss, and serpents roll, in the bottom of it?

“ Yet will you say, ‘ your thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor your ways as our ways.’ True—most true; yet I, even I, have passed through deep waters, and the great floods had gone over me, but for Him who is mighty to save. But you—oh you—so young, so beautiful, so lovely—what shall wean you from the things which are seen, and learn you to fix and

anchor your soul's hope on the things which are not seen? when all that you see, all that you hear, all you are taught, invites you richly to enjoy, who shall venture to remind you, that days of darkness will come, and that they will be many? who shall be at hand, as you glide through the apartments of pomp and pleasure, and thread the mazes of the giddy dance, timing your steps to strains of all unhallowed music, whilst the voice of adulation breathes in each sound that falls upon your ear—who, I say, will venture to tell you, that if your hearts cheer you in the days of your youth, and you walk in the ways of your hearts, and the sight of your eyes, ‘for all these things God will bring you into judgment?’

“I see the frown which gathers on your brow—I hear you say, ‘these are hard sayings, who can bear them?’ Oh, friends! we must give up all for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord, or we are, and can be, none of his. But what will this knowledge avail

us? What will it not? It will bestow on you a peace which the world cannot give, or take away; it will place you in that heavenly frame of mind so happily described by certain of your own poets, as

‘ Walking unconcern’d in care,
And unconsum’d in fire.”

Mrs. Roberts resumed her seat, and, after an interval of some five or six minutes, Basil, extending his hand, shook that of Mr. Scott, motioning him to do the same by the person next to him; and the shaking of hands having passed round, the *sitting* was considered as dissolved.

The young stranger of the inn, who was seated next to Eliza, was not backward to comply with a custom so friendly; nor did he relinquish the hand which trembled in his, until, leading her to a seat a little removed from the circle of the company, he placed himself by her, and asked, in a voice, the solemn earnestness of which divested it of all appearance of presumption—“In the gay scenes to which Miss Belcour is hastening, and to

which our friend has just alluded, will she be willing to hear the warning voice which shall tell her, notwithstanding the misrepresentations, and false glossings, which have been put on our Saviour's words, that, to be one of his followers, she must bear a daily cross, and that she must be willing to part with all and every thing that obstructs her march to heaven, even though it be dear as an eye, or necessary as an arm?"

"I hope," said Eliza, timidly, and with much feeling, "that I will."

"How would your interest," said the stranger, "have been increased, in what this excellent, though singular woman, has said, had you known that she herself has given a remarkable proof that, under the most trying circumstances that could be imagined, the sincerely devoted heart could cast off all, and count it nothing, so that it might win Christ!"

"Oh, how I should like to hear her story!" said Eliza.

"You shall hear it, Miss Belcour," said

the stranger. "Imagine how highly gratified I must have felt this evening, at finding myself in the house of Nancy Roberts; for, during a voyage I have lately made across the Atlantic, a fellow-passenger so much interested me in the relation of some circumstances of her life, that I was induced to commit the memoir to writing, and this manuscript I will place in your hands."

"I should be very much obliged to you, sir," said she, blushing as she added, "if—if an opportunity should occur——"

"An opportunity," returned the stranger, smiling, "will occur. Little did I imagine, when, to beguile the tedium of a long voyage, I scribbled the story of Nancy Roberts, I should be one day under her roof, even in Indian Spring Valley, and there offer the perusal of it to Miss Eliza Belcour."

The Miss Belcours had been much in company, and knew perfectly well how to repel any forward attempt at an undue familiarity; yet was there, in this stran-

ger, an unassuming cordiality, a composed and graceful ease, which carried a conviction, that if he considered himself as addressing those who were only his equals, he did not overrate his pretensions; and thus, though his words might, under the circumstances in which they were placed, be considered as making what is called a bold push, it must be acknowledged, they conveyed nothing more to Miss Eliza than a pleasing assurance, that she was not now to part with the unknown without an expectation of meeting again. That the conference should now end was evident, however, even to the stranger, who, taking the arm of Mr. Scott, walked to the further end of the piazza.

“ I have been considering the matter, friend Belcour,” said Nancy Roberts, with a good-humoured smile, “ and I have come to the conclusion, that thou and thy daughters must, of necessity, sojourn with us to-morrow. Thou must not leave this place without a guide: after the unplea-

sant occurrences of this evening, thou wilt also require a protector. Now Basil, who the day after will accompany thee to any place thou mayest fix on, however distant, is to-morrow to take a long ride on a matter of business, which it would be an outrage on humanity to neglect."

It is to be doubted whether Mrs. Belcour would not have preferred the risk of again encountering Joe Nailor to remaining a day at Indian Spring Valley. The poor lady's temper was at that moment on the point of yielding under the united influence of three several counts, running the degrees of comparison as *malus*, *pejor*, *pessimus*. First, the discourse of Mrs. Roberts, though she affected to despise it, was wormwood to her. Then, whilst her feelings were all alive in opposition to what had been said, did unfortunate Mr. Scott, by whom she was sitting on the breaking up of the meeting, in the warmth of his heart, seize her hand suddenly on the intimation of Basil, as before stated, and give it such an unmerciful grip, that

with difficulty she forbore shrieking with pain. And now came the intimation that she was either to be "bored," as she would say, with persons so disagreeable to her, or accept the services of the young stranger, an alternative which a hasty glance towards him and her daughter Eliza had determined her to reject at all hazards.

She was relieved, however, by an offer of assistance from a quarter she did not expect: Mr. Scott came forward, after a short conference with the other gentleman, and, in good set terms, made a proposal to accompany Mrs. Belcour and her daughter either to Rosemount, should it be her purpose to return thither, or to any other place she might choose to proceed to. This offer was graciously accepted, not without some astonishment on the part of the old lady, and some mortification on that of the young one, that nothing of assistance in this their time of need was proffered by their old acquaintance, Mr. Scoreum, or his young friend, the unknown.

The ladies, soon after, took leave for the night, but not before Mrs. Roberts had taken the hand of Mr. Scott, saying —“ Friend Scott, I did not before know thee; thou hast been misrepresented to me, and I entertained an unwarrantable prejudice against a worthy man; it is removed, and I rejoice thereat. Oh, when will Christians drive far from them the love-destroying influence of sect and party? when will Zion’s sons meet and flow together? for pleasant is it, as the sweet singer of Israel hath said, for ‘brethren to dwell together in unity.’”

CHAPTER VI.
~~~~~*Story of Nancy Roberts.*

THE evening of a cold frosty day, about the last of January, in the year 1781, was closing in (a period memorable in Virginia, for it was then she saw her towns destroyed, and her fields overrun by a handful of troops, sent under Arnold, foul with treason to his country, and treachery to his friend, for the avowed purpose of plunder and devastation), when William Noland, an old Quaker, residing on James River, entered his comfortable habitation, where a blazing fire gave a cheerful light to the neat, though plainly-furnished, family sitting-room.—“ I marvel,” said he, as he spread his hands to the fire, after placing the keys of his stables and granaries on the mantle-piece—“ I marvel that Basil

Roberts does not return: I fear the foolish boy has run into Simcoe's way."

"Never fear for Basil, father," said Nancy his daughter, who was arranging the table for their evening repast, "he will take himself into no danger.—It would be a high scene," she whispered a young female friend, who was assisting her to take the teacups from a beaufet, "to see Basil in the hands of the red-coats! what an infinite quantity of learning he would expend in proving to them that he was a 'non-combatant!' I verily believe they would dismiss him, from sheer lack of time to answer his arguments."

"But you," said her friend, laughing, "if report says true, will receive him, let who will dismiss him."

"Report does not say true then, Polly," returned she, "for I will do no such thing."

"But how are you to help it?" said the young lady.

"How indeed!" sighed Nancy to herself; and she resumed her occupation.

The old man had in the mean time taken his seat by his wife, a fine-looking, venerable woman, who, though tall and straight, as in the days of her youth, shewed, by the tremulous motion of her head, how much she was stricken by the flight of years.—“And these,” said William, musing—“these are my own countrymen, bearing the boasted name of Englishmen.”

“Of whom dost thou speak, William?” said his wife.

“I speak,” said he, after a pause, “of the soldiers of Britain—of my native, and still dearly-loved land, ‘who now run to and fro in the city’—who run upon the walls—who climb upon houses—who enter into windows like thieves.—But here is Basil at last.”

It was Basil Roberts indeed ; but his confused manner and agitated countenance told but too plainly that he brought tidings of alarm and terror.—“Uncle William,” said he, as he opened the door, “let me speak to thee in the passage.”



“ Oh, is Simcoe coming? I am sure Simcoe is coming,” cried the young woman before mentioned as the companion of Nancy.

“ Oh that Simcoe were but already here !” said Basil, with much impatience.

“ The lad is crazed,” said William Noland, without rising from his chair: “ but say forth thy say—Rebecca heeds thee not, and my Nancy is given to know, ‘ that the angel of the Lord encamps around about those who fear him’—why didst thou not return sooner ?”

“ I have been looking for Simcoe,” replied Basil, hastily.

“ The boy is bestraught—he is demented !” said William.

“ I am nearly so, indeed,” said Basil; “ but I lose time—we must fly instantly to the woods.—Nancy, call the servants.—Pollard,” said he to a man who entered at the moment with looks of consternation and alarm, “ help me to move aunt.”

A red glare flashed into the window, and a horrid shout was heard.—“ Too

late, too late!" cried he, seizing one arm of the old lady's chair, and motioning the servant to take hold of the other—"fly, fly, girls!" he cried—"fly to the woods, any where, but fly from here!"

"This is mere madness," said William. "The British have found us, I perceive, and the barn-yard and houses are fired; but defenceless, harmless creatures as we are, can have no personal injury to fear from colonel Simcoe."

"And therefore," said Roberts, "I have been looking for him since noon, and lost the precious moments which might have saved us. A band of wretches, who cannot be called men, reeking from that distillery below, which they have just burnt, are surrounding the house; even now," said he, again attempting to raise Rebecca, "we may escape."

"Let the good old dame alone, can't ye?" said a young officer, whose once brilliant uniform was disfigured and besmirched by the vile stains of intemperance, and whose accents were those of

present intoxication; "let the old dame alone, we won't hurt her." He reeled into the room, followed by a troop of about twenty drunken ruffians, part soldiers, part sailors, and two or three negroes—they rushed in, vociferating their horrid and blasphemous jargon.

Drunk as he was, the appearance of William Noland and his wife, sitting in their old high-backed arm-chairs, struck the officer with awe, and dropping his sword, which he held drawn as he entered, he staggered to the table, which was set in the midst of the room, and resting on it with both his hands, gazed on the venerable pair with the haggard look of remorse and horror, which ever attends the sudden and partial return of the bewildered senses of the wretched victim of intemperance.

"Come, where's your grog? give us some grog!" roared the men, if men they could be called.—"Come, noble captain, why don't you have the runlets roused



up? we must have a swig, and then to business."

"I could not ask him for liquor," said the officer, in accents which nausea and newly-awakened feelings of remorse rendered nearly unintelligible, "if my life depended on it.—Oh God!" he cried, in a voice which was choked by the recollection, "how much he looks like my poor old——oh, I must not speak the word! No, no," said he, in an under tone of sorrow, and anguish, and shame, "I cannot ask *him* for drink."

"Can't you!" roared several voices at once; "but we can.—Come, old codger, hand out the keys!"

"Come, we are young lions," said one profane villain, "and we do lack, and suffer hunger and thirst."

"Especially," said another, "let us have the key to thy creature comfort—it will save the breaking of locks."

"There are no ardent spirits in this house," said William Noland, in a firm voice.

“Then the devil take the house, and all that is in it!” said they. “It is dry, is it? well, it will make the handsomer bonfire—here goes, boys!” cried the ruffian, running to the fire, and seizing a brand; “we will set a memorable example to all vile buckskins from this time forth, what is the penalty of being found by his majesty’s good and faithful soldiers unprovided with the means of making them welcome.”

“Will *you* suffer this?” cried Basil, advancing to the officer, and endeavouring to raise his head from the table, on which it had fallen after his last effort—“will you suffer this?”

“What—what is the diffi—difficulty?” cried the miserable sot, drawling out the words, and attempting to stand upright—“what is the matter, friend?”

“The matter,” said Basil, roused to frenzy by the circumstances of their situation, and violently shaking him, “is, that if you do not instantly resume the nature

of a man, the detestable fiends you have brought here will burn the house over the heads of a parcel of defenceless women !”

The execrations of the gang, as they seized upon Basil for this insolent attack, as they called it, on their noble captain and themselves, are not to be named ; but as they appeared about to cut, or rather tear him to pieces, a loud shriek from Nancy’s companion called their attention to the poor girls, who, hid behind the chairs of William and Rebecca, had not yet been noticed. In an instant they quitted Basil, and rushed towards them ; but Basil, snatching up the sword which the officer had let fall, rushed between them, and brandishing it with a strength which appeared supernatural, the foremost ruffians, their steps rendered unsteady by the quantity they had drank, gave back for an instant, and ere they could recover, William Noland, rising from his chair, cried, in a voice of authority—“ Basil Roberts, put down that sword ! knowest



thou not that if it be our gracious Master's will to relieve us from this thrall, he can presently send to our assistance ten legions of angels?—Put down that sword, I say! rememberest thou not the words of the prophet in Dothan, when sorely beset, ‘they that be with *us* are more than they that be with *them*?’ Put down, put down the sword!—Lord, open his eyes, that he may see.”

The ruffians had not given the old man time to utter these words, but that on their first giving back they did not immediately again advance. A contention, which arose in a low, inarticulate growl, now became a wild yell of acclamation, when, as he finished and sat down, a trumpet sounding a charge, rung shrilly on the ear—the clatter of the horses surrounding the house was heard, and—“Have at the bloody red-coats!” was shouted from every door and window, followed by a discharge of firearms. The conflict, though short, was desperate and bloody. The British, expecting no quarter, asked none—the

warm hearth-stone of the peaceful Quaker hissed horrid with human blood; the floor was covered with the dying and the dead, and the roar of firearms, and clashing of steel, was succeeded by the gasp of death and shriek of anguish.

“ Basil Roberts,” said William, “ didst thou use that sword ?”

“ I did not,” said Basil.

“ ’Tis well,” said the old man. “ Now assist me to remove thy poor aunt from this human shamble.”

Her lifeless body was all that remained to be moved. Her feeble frame had been unable to sustain her spirit in a moment of such dreadful horror, and that spirit had taken its flight to another world. Her daughter, who, amid all the tumult, had neither fainted nor shrieked, was to make the discovery, and fell on her bosom, crying—“ Oh, my mother, my dear mother is gone !”

William Noland had ever considered it as derogatory to his calling as a Christian, and his dignity as a man, to manifest

aught in his outward appearance which might indicate perturbation of mind : this appearance of unbroken equanimity, at first the result of effort, and perhaps some affectation, had become not less confirmed by habit, than by the naturally blunted and chilled feelings of age ; and so long had he been used to repress the expression of his feelings, that those who did not know him well, supposed him without any ; yet was he a man of earthly mould, and finding himself in an instant left behind, by her who, for fifty years, had been his loving companion in weal and in wo, all that was within him was subdued, and one deep groan of uncontrollable sorrow spoke the anguish of his heart. Cumbered as was the room with sights of horror, and filled as was the air with sounds of wo, the attention of all for some moments was fixed on him alone. But nature once indulged, habit resumed her power, for waving his hand in token of silence to those who approached him with words of comfort, he said, in a voice



of assumed steadiness—"Basil, take Nancy to her chamber, and see to that foolish girl who has fainted."

"Let us," said several voices, in accents of respectful sorrow, "remove these venerable remains."

"Touch her not," said William; "your hands are red, and though with the blood of the spoiler, who was taken in his own craftiness, yet your hands are red, and you must not touch her.—No, no," he continued, melted again, as it seemed, to the utmost tenderness, "no, Rebecca, thy poor old husband's arms must alone carry thee from this dreadful room." And taking her up with difficulty, he stepped carefully over the floor, covered with overturned furniture, arms, and dead bodies, to the door, and disappeared.

We would also willingly leave that chamber of death, but one circumstance of that night's deeds must yet be recorded. As William Noland, bearing off the lifeless body of his aged wife, was passing

through the room, the British officer, who had been shot through the body at the first discharge from the windows, was yet able, by an expiring effort, to raise himself on his elbow, and as his fast-glazing eye rested on the affecting and awful sight, he exclaimed—"Oh, there he goes, there he goes! he is carrying a saint to heaven, and leaves me to be dragged by demons to hell! Take me with you! oh, take me with you! My father, my father, do not leave your son!"

As the old man disappeared through the door, he sunk back with a shuddering groan of horror, which they who heard it, in long after time declared they should never forget. The blood welled freshly from the wound, but still he could be heard to mutter—"Hush! hush! good demon, the rage and heat of intoxication is quenched, and now I will try to reflect; and then, demon, then I will pray!—I know it, I know it," he cried, his voice again rising with his agony and remorse; "I know I left you—I know I broke

your heart; but I never, never thought 'twould come to this; I always thought I would repent—indeed, indeed I did; I only intended to indulge this once; my head was so confused, my heart was so heavy; I meant not this; I meant but to calm my thoughts; and oh! must I die in this situation? I can't die now; I will return to my father; I will be a Quaker as he is; I will never drink."

A short interval of the extremity of pain seemed afforded him, as he went on.—"There, there they sail, on white, white fleecy clouds! how soft they float! how gently they mount upwards! Oh, drag me not! oh, let me view them! 'Tis my father, and my mother, and my sisters. See, see, they wave their hands! I must, I must go with them. Drag, drag me not! 'tis hot, 'tis fiery hot! flames scorch my brain! my very——"

His soul was snatched away: his body, made for the temple of the living God, but polluted and defiled by the demon of



intemperance, lay bloated and weltering in its gore.

On the morning succeeding this dreadful night, Basil Roberts ventured to tap for admittance at the door of the room which contained William Noland, his daughter, and the remains of his wife. It was immediately opened by Nancy.

“Come in, Basil,” said she, in a tremulous voice; “thy kind heart has yet to feel another pang for poor Nancy.”

“He is not gone too?” cried Basil, springing forward in great emotion.

“Not gone,” said the old man, who lay stretched on the bed, “not gone yet, but even now going—going where ‘the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.’—Grieve not, my own Nancy, I know in whom I have trusted. I know that in his Father’s house there are many mansions. If it had not been so, he would have told me. But lo! oh joyful sound! he calls—he speaks in strains of more than mortal bliss; he tells me he has gone to prepare a place for me!” He closed his

eyes, and appeared to be engaged in prayer. In a few moments he resumed, in a more composed and natural manner—  
“There is nothing left but this blood-defiled house, I suppose, Basil?”

Basil was unable to answer; the besom of destruction had indeed been used.

“Give thyself no trouble to reply,” continued the old man; “I have been favoured to say—‘Thy will, my blessed Master, be done,’ and it is enough. Our Nancy, the child of our old age, has none of kindred in these parts, save only thee, Basil Roberts. Thou must, and thou wilt, be true to her. I could wish to know she would be thy wife. I will not seek at this time to control her choice. Nancy, the party calling themselves our deliverers, are commanded by Charles Langhorne. Thou shalt make me one promise, my Nancy, never to marry a man who shall from this time hold a military commission, or in anywise bear arms, even though it be in what the world calls fair, honourable, and necessary warfare,

offensive or defensive : and now I am ready to depart. I have fought the good fight ; I have kept the faith ; the things which are temporal are fading on my sight ; the earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolving, and the building of God, the house not made with hands, is opening to my view !” For one instant he again turned his eyes towards his daughter, then raised them to heaven, and all was over.

We will pass by the events of the two or three succeeding days ; except that it will be necessary to mention the circumstance of captain Langhorne’s having been dangerously wounded by a pistol ball in the affray, and that it was impossible to remove him from the house. He was attended by Basil with unremitting attention ; for such was the distracted state of the country, that the domestics were dispersed in every direction, and the families of the neighbours, from whom assistance might at any other time have been expected, had removed to a distance from



the ravages and outrages of Arnold's army.

On the fourth day from that of her parent's burial, by a strong, but necessary effort, Nancy left her room, with a determination to look into her distracted family affairs. All was desolate and forlorn: the poor girl felt as if deprived of all comfort and consolation.

Basil Roberts, a youth of independent fortune, and a distant relation, had been for some time a visitor, and no secret had been made that the object of his visit to William Noland was to solicit the hand of his daughter; a match most agreeable and desirable to all and every one, except the party most deeply concerned, namely, Nancy Noland herself.

His education, though private, had been far more liberal than persons of his persuasion at that time (the case is widely different now) generally received. He had a good store of information, but it was badly assorted; nor did he want wit and humour, but it was destitute of that

*suaviter in modo* which could alone render it polished and graceful; yet was he honest in his feelings, warm-hearted, and sincere, whilst the main spring of all his thoughts, words, and actions, was love to Nancy Noland. But Nancy, alas! had nothing to bestow in return but cordial esteem and grateful friendship—captain Langhorne was in possession of her heart.

This young gentleman had large possessions and considerable interest in the county, and at that time commanded a body of mounted infantry, who, on several occasions, as well as on the one we have recorded, afforded effectual protection to individual families from the ravages of the invaders. Being a near neighbour, he passed much of his time at William Noland's; and whilst his gentle, unassuming, and pleasing manners endeared him to the old couple, it is fair to suppose, that though he was not of their persuasion, the evident partiality he shewed towards their beautiful daughter gave them no displeasure; until, by resorting to

arms for the defence of his country, he thereby (strange as it may sound to the ears of most, if not all, my readers) committed an act of such open rebellion against what William considered as the positively revealed will of God, that all intercourse had ceased between them.

It may be doubted whether Nancy, in the first instance, carried her prejudices as far as did her father; yet it must be recollected she had, from earliest infancy, been brought up with those who had an instinctive horror of the very name of soldier; and the dreadfully distressing scene she had witnessed, and which had occasioned the death of both her parents, though personal safety had been afforded herself, had increased her abhorrence of bloodshed, even in self-defence, to such a height, that, strengthened by the dying request of her father, she firmly resolved never to marry a man who bore arms. Fixed in this resolution, she prepared, after the best manner the distracted state



of her household would permit, to discharge the duties of a hostess towards captain Langhorne, who, though pronounced out of danger, was unable to leave his bed.

The work of destruction by the British still went on. Arnold, having extended devastation in Richmond till even his greedy appetite was cloyed and his revengeful heart sated, returned down the river, burning and destroying on each side as he went. The neighbourhood of our friend Nancy Noland was literally deserted, and the captain's servant and Basil were alone left to attend on him. As the care of providing for their simplest accommodation devolved also on them, the captain, helpless as he was, was necessarily often left alone.

It will readily be credited, that the effectual succour he had afforded Nancy, and the assurance that he was under the same roof with her, proved quite as balsamic as any cordial which could be administered to him; yet on this, the fourth evening of his confinement, he began to feel some-

what hurt that she had not given evidence of any peculiar personal interest in his fate. Towards night he fell asleep, and on waking perceived the fair object of his dreams resting her head on her hand as she sat by a table, as if in deep meditation. The poor girl was indeed lost in the bewildering labyrinths of doubt and uncertainty, which the strange and sudden change in her situation had occasioned. Nor was her perplexity and distress lessened by the circumstance, that she was watching by the bedside of one who was wounded indeed in her defence, but who, by that very act, had so far transgressed what she considered the plain and positive command of her Saviour, that repentance for the deed could alone render him worthy of her hand and heart.—“Alas!” said she to herself, “*repentance!* he will scorn and hate me for thinking of it. Yet, ah, what deadly passions—what utter disregard of life did he shew—how fearlessly did he presume to punish! Oh, how unlike Him who bore and suffered all that

vile and wicked men could inflict on him—who, like a lamb before her shearers, was dumb! Oh, Charles, could I have supposed thou wast so changed from the image of thy Maker—so unlike Him who ought to hold the first place in my heart's love!"

"My kind, my lovely friend!" said the captain (with difficulty, from the pain of his wound, stretching out his hand towards her), "have I indeed been watched during my sleep by you? Oh, there was a sweet consciousness that one so loved was hovering round, and my dreams have been of happiness and you!"

Nancy could answer nothing to this effusion; she could not even move. The hand now so fondly stretched towards her, in all the endearment of love and friendship—when last she saw that hand, it was dealing round the deadliest strokes of vengeance, and death was in each blow; and the countenance, now beaming on her the sweetest smiles of love and peace, had



been agitated with marks of fury too terrible to look on.

It was fortunate for Langhorne that he attributed her extreme dejection to causes far different from those by which she was in reality affected.—“Do not grieve immoderately, my lovely friend,” said he; “your sainted parents, if they have gone to another, have also gone to a better world: and surely the last direful scene they witnessed in this, must have made the change most transcendantly happy. Should we grieve that spirits like theirs have escaped, and flown above ‘the rank vapours of this sin-worn world?’ Do not think less of me, Nancy,” he continued, after a pause, “or suppose that I attach less than its value to the opportunity which was afforded me of rendering you assistance; but that horrid conflict has closed my short military career—I was not formed for scenes of violence and blood. I have been on the brink of the grave; and ‘*vengeance is mine, I will repay,*’

(saith the Lord,) are words ever ringing in my ear."

"Now, blessings on you for uttering those very words!" said the blushing girl, surprised out of all command of her feelings: "oh that my poor dear father had heard you say this much!"

Something like the truth glanced on Langhorne's mind; and really disgusted at the bloody scene in which he had borne so conspicuous a part—for Charles Langhorne was

"A man more apt, from inborn tenderness, to err  
By giving mercy's tide too free a course,  
Than by a stinted and illiberal use,  
To stop its channel"—

and, above all, passionately in love with one who never separated the idea of victor's wreaths and laurel crowns, from rapine, blood, and murder, he soon satisfied himself that he had performed the part allotted him—that before his recovery the invader would have left his native plains; and that in devoting the remainder of his

life to peace and love, he forfeited no honour—compromised no duty.

It need scarcely be mentioned, that our friend Basil soon found a conference had been opened, and that a treaty was in forwardness, in which he was not to be considered as one of the principal contracting parties. But Basil was a firm, disinterested friend—"And I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee, Nancy," he would say to himself, "until the trust thy dying father reposed in me is transferred to a legal protector—in thy husband."

I shall not detain the reader by a minute recital of the domestic arrangements of our Quaker friends and the late captain Langhorne (captain now no more), during the continuance of the winter months. On Langhorne's recovery, and removal to his own house, Basil Roberts also went to his residence, a place called Indian Spring Valley; and Nancy Noland was left alone, or at least with no other companion than the young female mentioned before in this narrative.



As the spring came on, Virginia again found that her soil was to be trod by hostile hoofs; and Nancy's dwelling being in that section of the country over which the heavy hand of war was again to be stretched, Basil Roberts claimed the right of a relation, and, young as he was, of a guardian, to make an offer of his house, as being situated in a place of comparative safety.

“My dear Roberts,” said Langhorne, on the subject being mentioned to him, “if you were not the most disinterested, excellent friend that ever man or woman possessed, I would not make the proposition I am about to do, *to you* at least. That the enemy will occupy these grounds in three days at farthest, I am convinced, and Nancy must be removed. Yet (not that any objections shall be made on my part)—yet, if—you are the only man in the world, Roberts, I would ask to further my suit under the same circumstances—yet, if she could go to Indian

Spring Valley as—my wife—all difficulties would, I apprehend, be put away.”

Poor Basil was wholly unprepared to meet matters at this turn. That Nancy Noland was at some future day to give her hand to Charles Langhorne, he supposed was settled between them; but Basil, though he had mingled but little in the busy throng, had nevertheless a quick and penetrating genius, and much natural perception and discernment. Between two very young persons, brought up in a manner so totally different, and in whom first principles were altogether so dissimilar, Basil's foresight often whispered him, that however securely Charles Langhorne indulged himself in the contemplation of “the sober certainty of waking bliss,” yet that many, many circumstances were likely to occur which would interrupt and change the present current of their mutual affections. This I shall be told was a calculation of chances, rather to be expected from a swain disporting on the

banks of the Scheldt, than from a native of the ancient dominion, where

“Warmer are the suns, and clear the skies,  
And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes.”

But it must be recollected, that Basil's reserved education and quiet habits had preserved him from violent impressions and sentimental emotions; and further, having never read a novel in his life, he was willing to take things as he found them, and make the best of them.

After the first flush of surprise and concern at this unexpected proposal, Basil recovered himself so far as to reply with tolerable calmness, that he apprehended the recent death of her parents would render Nancy averse to an immediate marriage.

Langhorne admitted the probability of her objecting on this account; but added, that the peculiar situation in which she was placed, and above all, the concurrence of Basil Roberts, now her only relation, he thought, would remove all difficulty.

“I must be allowed a few moments’



consideration," said Basil; but whilst, by a strong effort, he endeavoured to divest himself of interested feelings, and to act for Nancy as if she had been his sister, a messenger, who had been sent to learn the situation and movements of the enemy, returned with the intelligence that lord Cornwallis, having moved from Petersburg, was rapidly advancing upon that very point of James River on which Nancy resided, and that Tarlton, with a corps of desperadoes, might be expected in a few hours to arrive in the neighbourhood. Langhorne's proposal could not even be made, and Basil's invitation was necessarily accepted.

That memorable campaign had now commenced which ended in the capture of a British army, and emancipated these United States from the mother country; Cornwallis, Leslie, and Philips, now concentrating their forces to subjugate Virginia; whilst La Fayette, the honoured friend of America, was straining every nerve to save the country, whose cause he

had so heartily and generously espoused, from the hand of the spoiler.

These dreadful notes of preparation reached even to the quiet shades of Indian Spring Valley. Langhorne wished not to hear them, but they would be heard; and his devotion to the fair Quaker was soon put to bitter proof. A few of Basil Roberts's neighbours had assembled to pay their respects to the friends who had taken refuge from the invasion of the British at his house; and, as "*to arms ! to arms !*" was not more the cry of belted warrior than of rustic swain, of high-born lady than of country maid, this little party breathed nothing but defiance to the foe.

A lively girl, after several sly hints that the captain was quite recovered of his wound, completed the badinage in which she had indulged, by singing the following couplets from a song which had just then made its appearance, and was intended to apply to the circumstances in which our country was then placed.

“ Whilst all around  
We hear no sound  
But war’s terrific strain,  
The drum demands  
Our patriot bands,  
And chides each tardy swain.

Our country’s call  
Arouses all  
Who dare be brave and free;  
My love shall crown  
That youth alone  
Who saves himself and me.”

“ Captain Langhorne has left the service, Miss Bell,” said a young volunteer, with a cockade in his hat as big as a pancake. “ He is done with these matters; but if a poor ensign might serve the turn, I know one will stand a shot for you. And now I think of it, I saw colonel Monroe a day or two ago—he sent his compliments to you, captain.”

“ I am to join Mercer’s corps to-morrow,” said another: “ if the captain has any commands——”

Alexander did not eye the physician



more steadily than did Nancy Noland and Basil the poor captain.

“He minds not these silly worldlings,” thought Nancy.

“He is but a lost man,” thought Basil, “if he does, so far as regards his love-affairs.”

But Langhorne’s countenance indicated nothing which could lead them to suppose he regretted his retirement from the tented field; and the valiant warriors, and the fair damsels who only waited to reward their hardy deeds, until they had performed them, soon after took their leave.

A severer trial now awaited him: the young company had scarcely departed, when a trooper, gaily caparisoned, mounted on a superb charger, and armed to the teeth, alighted at the door, and inquired for captain Langhorne.

Langhorne had just renewed his solicitations to Nancy for their immediate marriage; and had used so many arguments in favour of it, that, with real and unaffected modesty, but with unbounded con-

fidence and affection, she suffered him to prevail, and the next day but one was fixed for the performance of the ceremony. Such was the situation of things between the young lovers when the captain was summoned to attend the soldier, who, making the military obeisance, handed him the following letter.

---

“ I am delighted, my dear Langhorne, to hear that your foot is again in the stirrup. I write from your own house, where I have this moment called, expecting, from not having seen or heard from you, to find you still on your back. I am glad you have resigned the commission you held; it makes way for the appointment in Weeden's brigade, which I now send you at his request. I saw yesterday your neighbour Simmonds; the fellow, out of cold blood and false heart, refuses to turn out. He pestered me with some bald disjointed chat, about your turning Quaker. I could divide myself,

and go to buffets, for having listened one moment to such a dish of skimmed milk. See to have his horses pressed as you come along.

“ But good, my friend, what has taken you to Indian Spring Valley, just at this bustling time? Surely you have no hopes of bringing the broadbrim of its owner into the field—though some of your men who were with you in the affair at old Noland’s, tell me Basil is a stout fellow and brave; and I shall not be surprised to see him in a steel cap. These times would rouse the heart of a leveret.

“ You may be surprised to find me in the saddle again, but general —— has removed all my scruples; and indeed what scruples of honour, conscience, or religion, can exist on the subject, when the foot of the merciless invader presses the soil that gave us birth? Adieu! you will have a noble parcel of fellows to command; they stand even now ‘like greyhounds in the slips, straining upon the start.’ You are not the man to let their metal cool.



“ Expecting to see you in three days at farthest,

“ I am, &c.

“ P.S. I had given my letter (I break it open to add this) to my orderly, with directions to find you immediately, when some surmises, which have this moment met my ear, induce me to request you will meet me to-morrow, at the place Johnson will fix with you.—Langhorne, as you value your *own honour* and my friendship, meet me.”

---

“ Won't you take some refreshment and have your horse fed?” said Langhorne, with an air of abstraction and indecision.

“ My orders,” said the trooper, “ were to return instantly with your honour's answer. The colonel will be at the Buck tavern at twelve o'clock precisely. Will your honour meet him?”

Langhorne started as he felt the hand of Nancy on his arm.

“ May I see the letter,” she said in the soothing accents of love and friendship, “ which appears to give thee so much concern ?”

“ I can scarcely wish as yet,” he replied, in much confusion, “ that you should see it; that is, until I can make up my mind what answer to make to it. The vile British, Nancy, as you know, are pouring into our state in every direction, and I am written to by a most highly-esteemed and long-valued friend——”

“ To come and imbrue thy hands in their blood,” said she, interrupting him— “ and thou wilt go, Charles? I see it in thy flushed cheek and agitated voice. Oh, infirm of purpose! why didst thou dissemble with a poor, forlorn girl, who has so few friends in this world, she can little afford to be forced to recall her fondest affections from one so valued, so——”

He was about to renew his protestations of sincerity, and of his abhorrence of the practice of war, when he was interrupted by the trooper.—“ I wait your

honour's commands: my orders were to dispatch and return."

"One moment, my good fellow," said Langhorne.—"Nancy, I will meet my friend, and give him such convincing proof that I cannot, with honour, join the brigade, that——"

"That thou canst not without dishonour," returned she, "refuse to join it, according to his, and, I fear, to thy view of the subject. Charles, thou wilt go out from among us: oh, my foolish heart, how could it even believe thou wast of us?"

"But I have not as yet," said he, "said I would go."

"If thou hast one doubt on the subject," said she, "thou hast deceived me, Charles;" and she entered the house and retired to her room.

Willing to be offended at the suddenness of her manner, Langhorne seized the opportunity which his temporary displeasure gave him, to tell the trooper he would meet his friend, colonel ——, at the time and place appointed.



“ Charles Langhorne,” said Basil at breakfast the next morning, “ has gone to meet a friend on business of importance, and will return by six o’clock at farthest, this evening.”

“ Did he leave no letter ?” said Nancy, endeavouring to speak with composure.

“ No letter,” replied Basil, “ but a positive assurance of speedy return.”

“ How expectation loads the wing of time !” said poor Nancy ; “ and yet why should I wish the hour to arrive in which I can no longer even hope ?”

The clock, after a long, long day, struck six.

“ I will neither be unjust nor unkind,” she said, as she turned her eyes from the road, on hearing the sound of the departed hour : “ I will, for his sake, suffer myself to *hope* one hour longer, and then—oh then,” she exclaimed, clasping her hands, “ I must only remember him in my prayers !”

The hour passed, the night closed in, and Nancy Noland, with a convulsive

shiver, resigned the hope of again seeing Charles Langhorne. At the very moment she was endeavouring to bear as became her this afflictive dispensation, a horseman was heard rapidly to approach the door.—“Oh, how I wronged him!” she cried, as she sprung forward, and received—not Langhorne, but a letter, by the hands of his servant.

It appeared to have been written in a moment of great agitation, arising from the conflict which raged within him, between his love and his sense of honour and duty. It contained assurances of his inviolable attachment and unbounded love; but ended with the information, that such an appeal had been made to him, that even she herself, in the event of his refusal to arm in defence of his country, circumstanced as it was, must have despised him.

“It is my deserved reward,” said Nancy.—“it is only my deserved reward for going out from among mine own people. On what a sandy foundation did I build!

He, he one of God's converts! no, no, he was one of my converts! Never—no, never let her look for happiness who depends on that change which is effected in the habits and disposition of a lover, by other means than by the sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit, leading them unto all truth; least of all, let her trust to the evanescent power of her own charms.”

Nothing could exceed the delicate manner in which Basil Roberts bore himself, under these trying circumstances, towards his fair guest, or the considerate regard which he paid to her feelings. Several weeks passed away; and though the country rang with the clash of arms, he cautiously avoided any mention of the numerous reports which daily reached him concerning the operations of the contending forces.

But this silence could no longer be preserved; the storm of war was rolling onward, and the thunder, which had hitherto growled at a distance, was now about to burst, even over Indian Spring Valley.



“We must remove to my aunt Betsy’s,” said Basil; “she lives in an out-of-the-way corner; and as her house is large withal, I think we will even venture upon her, though I make thee not sure of a warm welcome, Nancy.”

A small body of horse were seen, as Basil was speaking, to march over the hill, and Nancy vanquished all reluctance to brave the inhospitable aunt Betsy, and proposed their instant departure. This retreat had been selected by many inhabitants of the valley; and when Basil and Nancy arrived, they found, to their great astonishment and regret, the old lady’s house was already crowded.

Little reason as the persons who sought refuge in this secluded spot had to congratulate themselves upon the kind reception which they received at the hands of old aunt Betsy, still less might they think themselves fortunate in their search for a place of safety; for, contrary to all calculation on the subject, it proved to be in the very line of the American army’s

march, and the British were pressing warmly on their heels.

Any removal until the following morning was deemed, however, inexpedient; and as the young females, for of such the party was chiefly composed, were sitting round the dimly-lighted, and every way uncomfortable room, the sudden rush of horses' feet was heard. The party halted at the door, and ere the terrified and screaming damsels could escape from their seats, amid the jingling of spurs, the heavy tramp of horsemen's boots, the trundling of swords, and words of menage to the horses, an officer entered, and requested, in a polite manner, that accommodations for the night might be provided for the marquis de la Fayette.

The terror of the British gave instant place to the most awful curiosity to see the *great friend of America*; and even the lively sallies, and fine compliments, of an elegant young Frenchman, who had immediately followed the officer, could not subdue their ardent impatience to see

him enter. He had amused them greatly by his answers to their inquiries, what sort of a thing was a marquis, when (in the midst of a keen encounter of the wits between him and the young lady who had visited Nancy at the Indian Spring the day before Langhorne's departure) a trumpet was sounded, and an officer of distinction, well known in that district, stepped hastily up to the young gallant, exclaiming, with great animation—"My lord marquis, that is Langhorne; and he has done the deed—made clean work of it, my lord—cut up the whole party to a man! at least, so says his orderly."

"Ah, mon cher Langhorne, j'étois assuré que vous le feriez dans une manière parfaitement belle."

"You may say that, my lord, after such a march too—fell in with them about four this afternoon, and dashed at them at once—made root and branch work of it, I warrant. Johnson says, the whole detachment were cut to ribands in less than



half an hour: but see, my lord, here is the man himself."

Miss Bell had not yet ceased her exclamation of surprise, terror, and delight, at the idea of the freedom she had used with the great marquis, and was yet clinging to the arm of Nancy Noland, when Charles Langhorne entered.—“ Oh, Miss Nancy!” she said, “ see, there is another instance of my impudence. The last time I saw that gentleman, to think how I dared to jeer him about his resignation; and, my stars and garters, only look at him! see how composed he looks, as he is giving an account of killing the English, and seems to take no more pride in it than if they had been so many woodcocks; and the great marquis so pleased, and shaking and squeezing his hand at every word, and the officers all in such glee at the news. Do but look, Miss Ann Noland—do, bless you, now look, if you ever saw any thing so interesting: he’s told what he had to say, and he’s flung his horseman’s cap on the table, and leans

against the wall, one hand resting on his monstrous sword; don't he seem most spent?"

The garrulous young lady might have spared her breath; Nancy Noland saw it all, and that which drew every eye upon him with feelings of admiration and respect, filled her with horror and unutterable regret.—“ Oh !” she said, in the bitterness of her heart, “ how will he, how can he escape? how, with all this combination of circumstances against him, can he fail to love the praise of men more than the praise of God? and at what a price does he purchase it !”

The success with which Langhorne had executed the duty intrusted to him still engaged the attention and conversation of the American officers, when the marquis, taking Langhorne aside, asked him if he would not think him very exacting, if he required him to perform another most important service on the following morning?

“ You, of all men, my lord marquis,” replied Langhorne, “ can never ask what

an American should not at least *try* to perform—you, to whom we owe such a boundless debt of gratitude: still less, my lord, should we be backward to perform that duty for ourselves, which you are even so prompt to engage in for us.”

“And for myself,” said the marquis, solemnly—“and for myself, the virtuous Americans will achieve the glorious adventure in which they have engaged; their independence will be the fruit of their toils—their liberty will be secured. But, oh, my poor, oppressed country! what will be thy fate in the great struggle which will be made for freedom, even by thee!—Yes, I am fighting,” he exclaimed, “in my own cause; and haply, my friend, when weary with the storms of fate, and sick with witnessing oppressions which I cannot cure, I will come, Langhorne, to this my adopted country, and lay my aged bones amongst you.”

“And when you do,” said Langhorne, “you shall be received with such a shout of joyous welcome, as to cause you to for-



get you were not born in the land which is so truly yours.”

The marquis demanded the attention of his officers, and they left the room; nor did Langhorne know that he had been in the presence of Nancy Noland.

The correct information which Basil had now acquired as to the probable scene of contest determined him to return to Indian Spring Valley, as the safest retreat; he therefore set out early on the following morning, with Nancy, and the greater part of the young company assembled at aunt Betsy's. They had reached a hill commanding a view of a bridge, which they had been cautioned to attempt to gain at an early hour, when they found they were too late—a party of the British were guarding it; for by means of it a considerable detachment of their army were that day to pass.

Basil, and his division of non-combatants, were about to retrace their steps, when a large body of horse passed them at full speed. On gaining the brow of the

hill, and perceiving the enemy, the trumpet sounded, and they rushed down on the charge. This was a scene from which it was impossible Basil and his party could turn their eyes, and they awaited the event with feelings which can more easily be imagined than described.

The British, on the first intimation of the approach of the horse, had thrown themselves into a hollow square, for the ground being entirely open at the bridge, there was nothing to prevent their being surrounded. The attacking party had advanced almost on the points of their bayonets ere they fired. For a few moments the whole contest was concealed from the view of the persons on the hill; horses, without riders, ran from the spot. As the smoke cleared away, the gleam of the flashing broadswords was first seen. It was all one wild confusion: men, horses, swords, bayonets, all mingled together. Shouts and shrieks were heard; and after an agonized gaze of some ten minutes, all was hushed. The horsemen dismounted,

and ran to the bridge, which they immediately set on fire—the British were stretched on the shore.

Pressing on at the head of his troop, Nancy had recognised Charles Langhorne. The battle was over—our countrymen were victorious; and our little party, pacific as it was, shared in the joy of the conquerors. Alas! they were also deeply to share in their sorrows.—“I will but hear that he survives,” said Nancy; “only tell me so much—I wish to hear nothing of his glory, as you call it.”

Basil, who had returned from the bloody spot, only replied by desiring her to be composed.

“He is not killed!” cried Nancy, in a voice that thrilled through every heart; “if there is one spark of life, I will see him. Tell me not of the place; I will go to him—I will not be stayed a moment!”

“It cannot avail,” said Basil, with the deepest emotion; “he is no more.”

“I was not prepared,” cried Nancy—“I was not——” Her utterance was im-



peded ; and after an ineffectual attempt to articulate, her eyes closed, and she lost in insensibility the present sense of her sorrows.

There remains little more to be said. Nancy had but one friend to depend on—that friend was undeviatingly true to her; for months he respected her griefs, and yielded all his wishes to her feelings. She had lost her lover, but she valued her friend; and in due time she saw fit to reward his constancy: she married Basil Roberts, with a full understanding that she would never forget Charles Langhorne.

## CHAPTER VII.



Didst thou not share ; hadst thou not eighteenpence ?

*Bardolph.*

*A Declaration of Love.*

WE left our travellers retiring with their kind hostess of Indian Spring Valley. At an early hour on the following morning they were again seated in their coach, determined, notwithstanding their disasters, to make another attempt to journey eastward.

Mr. Scott was at his horse's side : the mule had been sent away in disgrace, and the real Dunmore restored to his owner. He was mounted, and ready to sally forth, when Basil Roberts looking round, and ascertaining that he was not within the hearing of his better half, laid his hand on the bridle, saying—"Hist ! a word in thy ear, friend Scott.—Thou art adven-

turing on as perilous an action as ever was undertaken by countryman of thine since the days of Wallace. Hadst thou been from the other little spot, over the way, thou mightst have some prospect of achieving it with credit, if not profit; but I doubt me thou wilt bring back nothing to the parsonage-house, but a heart hacked like a handsaw. Don't be impatient: let me caution thee above all things, not to let thy memory, or rather want of memory, play thee one of its usual jade's tricks. Remember thou hast nothing to do but to suffer Dunmore to follow the coach, and keep thy eyes out of it. The sight of thy fellow-travellers, too much indulged in, will not be good for thy health, friend Scott."

Mr. Scott took Basil's advice in good part, the rather as it coincided with his own private reflections on the subject, and returned the honest Quaker's farewell with much cordiality.

"Well," said Basil, as he turned towards the house, "*nimum ne crede colori*



shall be henceforth my motto. Never could I have thought those carrotty locks covered as good a headpiece, and that parson's grey was wrapped round as honest a heart, as is carried off by that shambling bit of horseflesh, yclept Dunmore—a name illy chosen at this time, as I should opine.”

Nothing could exceed the affectionate manner in which Nancy Roberts took leave of her guests. Drawing Eliza aside, she whispered her—“ Knock and it *will* be opened ;’ ‘ seek and you *shall* find.’ Recollect that *will* and *shall* are royal words ; and now, once more, fare thee well !”

“ I fear we shall have a dreadfully hot day,” said Mrs. Belcour, as she peevishly arranged herself in the carriage, on its driving off.

“ ’Tis very pleasant now, at least,” said Maria. “ The morning air nimbly and freshly recommends itself unto our gentle senses.—See, Eliza, our reverend escort looks as blythe and animated as if he were

again disporting on the banks of the Tweed."

"Dear mamma," cried Eliza, "see how brilliantly those hill-tops are tinged with the rays of the rising sun! How softly those amber-coloured clouds float, and fade away before his beams!—We fashionables, Maria, seldom enjoy this cool, this fragrant, and this silent hour."

"Go on—go on, Eliza," said Mrs. Belcour—"To meditation due, and sacred song;' does it not run thus? Try your hand at a hymn to the rising sun; it will be quite romantic on leaving these wonderful scenes."

"I have no pretensions that way," said Eliza; "but it is at an hour, and amid scenes like these, that I feel most grateful to our Heavenly Father for having placed us in a world, of which even he himself was pleased to say, '*it is good*.' Oh yes, it is good, it is very good!" and her eyes swam in tears as her heart swelled with gratitude and devotion on taking a last look of Indian Spring Valley.

“What would I give,” said Mrs. Belcour, “to know whether that grim guide of ours has any knowledge in the occult sciences! If he but prove an astrologer, he were invaluable to us.”

“As how, mother?” said Maria, wishing to draw her attention from Eliza’s emotion. “For my part, I will more readily rely on our guide’s knowledge of the terrestrial than the heavenly bodies, until we have escaped from the tangled paths and perplexed mazes of this wood at least.”

“Silly girl,” returned Mrs. Belcour, “the getting out of this wood is a light matter. See you not that there is some malign star ‘lord of the ascendant,’ inimical to the interests of the ladies Belcour, and that all things portend an infortune in the house of pleasure? Now, if our own good star is likely to continue retrograde, had we not better give up the adventure?”

“Let us go back, dear mamma,” said both the young ladies in a breath; “so many unpleasant circumstances have occurred——”



“Trifles, trifles, young ladies,” said their mother. “You leave out, I doubt, in your calculation of our mishaps, the most important items, and those which have most overclouded our prospects; you forget the ranting Methodist and canting Quaker.”

There are few things more painful, and alas! more fatal to our newly-awakened hopes and fears, especially by a young and tender heart, than to hear the persons by whom those fears have been excited ridiculed and depreciated. Doubly painful, and dreadfully fatal, must that ridicule be when used by a beloved parent.

“Scarcely,” continued Mrs. Belcour, “had we escaped the open attack of the thundering son of John Wesley, when we were subjected to the wily stratagems of the sly follower of old Penn. Then, as though we were to be assailed on all sides, we are thrown on the protection of a crack-brained parson.”

“We have nothing to fear,” said Maria, laughing, “from the honest episcopalian.

If he makes an assault, it will be with the butt-end of a sentence from Seneca or Epictetus; and as I doubt he will take care not to disrobe it of its Greek and Latin dress, he will prove no very formidable assailant."

"Maria," said Eliza, reproachfully, "I did not expect that from you."

"Not from *you*!—Take notice, Maria," said Mrs. Belcour, colouring, "Miss Eliza only expects to hear such irreverence from her unconverted mother. 'Tis inconceivable," she continued, "how much religion suffers from the rantings and ravings of these worthless pretenders! Well, I suppose some untoward accident will cast us to-night amidst an assembled synod of Presbyterian elders; and then, at least, our adventures will be completed."

"The trusty, drouthy cronies we are but too likely to find assembled round the General Greene," said Maria, wishing to divert her mother, "will secure us, or I am greatly mistaken, from any such danger."

At the General Greene, after a long and fatiguing ride, they arrived late in the evening.

Mr. Scott's gallantry—nay, we will give it a better name—his kind nature, and the solicitude he felt for his fair charge, had kept him on the alert; and he gave not one indication of absence of mind, except that, being applied to at the fork of a road, to know in what direction they should proceed, he looked first at one of the young ladies and then at the other, until, blushing up to the forehead, he declared that he would rather not give any opinion on the subject.

It was Saturday evening, and the General Greene appeared in all its glory. There was horse-racing, there was cock-fighting, there was drinking, gouging, cursing, swearing, and of all other pleasant and amusing accompaniments good store. The lower rooms of the house were crowded, and several gentlemen of the turf, and, as modern nomenclature would denominate them, of *the fancy*, having



broken their limbs in the course of the day, all the best chambers were occupied; and thus, notwithstanding the known rank and consequence of our travellers, Mrs. Belcour was placed in a most uncomfortable apartment in the wing of the building, with the assurance that better rooms should be cleared of their present encumbrances, and prepared for her reception, as soon as possible.

Of this apartment, in the mean time, they took possession in silence, being greatly fatigued and dispirited by the appearance of every thing about them. But if this silence was first produced by languor, it was continued by a breathless anxiety, occasioned by the conversation carried on in the adjoining room, from which they were only separated by a thin partition of boards.

“Our partnership is dissolved, Mr. Percy,” said a voice, in a surly and determined manner.

“Well, sir, be it so,” returned the per-

son thus addressed ; “ ’tis not in mortals to command success ; but that I did all that living wight could do, to deserve it, must be acknowledged. Let this, my faithful squire, and witness of my deeds of high emprise, let him speak. If he says that I did not at all points approve myself a gentleman of gallant bearing in the bold attempt, he is a villain, and the son of darkness.”

“ All this rant, Mr. Percy, may do very well for the stage, and you do well to keep your hand in, for to the stage you must return ; your shameful negligence has lost us the game, when ’twas fairly in your hand.”

“ Why, thou despicable dealer in dice and all other devilish devices ! is it not sufficient that my hopes of happiness are for ever blasted by this inauspicious journey ? must I be subjected to your reproaches for the failure of your own vile scheme ?”

“ My scheme, Mr. Percy ! surely, sir, you forget yourself.”

“ Yes, you grey iniquity, you father ruffian! your scheme. Did I even ever hear of the lady, until you, with a heart as false as one of your own loaded dice, acquainted yourself with my necessities—palmed yourself on me as a countryman—forced your money upon me, and in evil hour persuaded me to attempt the possession of a lady’s hand, whom I could only hope to approach as a cheat and a villain?”

“ Mr. Percy,” said the first speaker, “ a gentleman of your universal genius need not be reminded that there is such a proverb as ‘ honour among thieves’——nay, sir, never bite your lip—if you were Harry Hotspur himself, you should hear me out. You have not dealt candidly and openly with us in this matter. I understand your ironical smile, sir, but, I repeat it, we were entitled to your full confidence, and we have not received it. Here is Blaney and myself, who, by dint of hard labour in winning the money of these



young sots, have got together a little matter of *the ready*, and have been content to spend nearly half our stock on your pretty person, for the purpose of enabling you to marry a young lady of fortune—and now what comes of it? After engaging the young lady's affections (for all the world knows you succeeded so far), instead of running off with her, or taking some step to secure us from loss, you suffer your prospects, as well as ours, to be blighted by your negligence! I cannot understand your play, Mr. Percy; if any thing better has offered, you should say so at once—you will find me reasonable."

"May I revoke with four honours in my hand, and lose the odd trick after all," cried a squeaking voice, "but *I* understand his play, Mr. Cogwell, if you don't!"

"Take care," said Percy; "you shall find I can play out the play more in character than you are aware of. I will still act the master, and my hand is heavy."

"This is too much by a deal," said the

person thus threatened: "he has spent my money, used me as his servant for two months, and now attempts to browbeat me, as if the very coat on his back did not belong to me!"

"If I were not certain," said Percy, "that old father antic the law is stretching his long claws towards thee, honest Blaney, with such a certainty of clutching thy precious person that it would be a mere defrauding of the dues of justice to concern with it, I would teach thee better manners.—And now, Mr. Cogwell, though I despair of making you comprehend a principle of action which is moved by common honesty, yet I will endeavour to explain to you my conduct. That I threw up the game when the cards appeared to be running in my favour, I admit; but, sir, if I betrayed your interests, it was because my heart betrayed mine. At the time that, in a boyish and unthinking frolic, I entered into our disastrous and most disgraceful partnership, as you call it, I had not seen the lady——"

“ Now the vengeance of St. Nicholas go with you,” cried the old man, “ for the most conceited of coxcombs ! do you pretend to make objections to Miss Belcour ? ”

“ Your lips and mine,” said Percy, “ are unworthy to utter her name.—No, sir, I had no objection to the lady ; on the contrary,” his voice became tremulous with emotion, “ I had the misfortune to love the lady—yes, to love her with a violence, a purity, a sincerity, which thy base nature cannot conceive ; and I would not have married her, as a counterfeit and cheat, to save you, and Blaney, and myself into the bargain, from the rack.”

As he uttered these words, the door of the room in which they were seated was opened with violence, and the person they called Cogwell had just time to say—  
“ Now, my young squire, you will find your frolic has been as costly to you as it has been to us,” when they were arrested as counterfeiters and horse-stealers.



“Scoundrel, let go your uncivil hold!” cried Percy, drawing and presenting a pistol.

“A rescue, a rescue!” cried the party, and threw themselves upon him.

A faint scream was heard by Percy from the room in which was placed our ladies.—“In the name of Heaven,” cried he, disregarding the officers, “tell me who is in that room?”

“Mrs. Belcour and her daughters, of Rosemount,” said a person present.

“Mrs. Belcour and her daughters!” cried Percy, in a tone of shuddering horror—“how long have they been there?”

“Why upwards of half an hour,” he was answered.

“’Tis well!” said he—“’tis well! all is as it should be. There wanted but this to make the drama perfect. After what she has heard pass between me and these worthies, it wanted but that I should be arrested in her very presence as a horse-stealer—horse-stealer, was it not? ’Tis well—I am your prisoner, officer—lead

on—to dungeons, chains, and darkness—  
they are most welcome all. Lead on—  
lead on—I am guilty of all your charges.”

## CHAPTER VIII.



He turn'd his charger as he spake

Upon the river shore ;

He gave his bridle-reins a shake,

Said—" Adieu for evermore,

My love !"

And—" Adieu for evermore !"

*Rokeby.*

*The Adventurer.*

WE must now leave our fair travellers for a short space of time, uncomfortable as is their situation, until we throw some further light on the conversation just related.

About two months previous to the time at which my story commenced, a celebrated theatrical corps attracted all the gentry within a circle of fifty miles to the city of —. As Rosemount was within this limit, it is not to be supposed that Mrs. Belcour and her lovely daughters would



be on the list of absentees at this general convocation of southern fashionables.

The arrival of so much taste, wealth, and beauty, did not fail to create a correspondent sensation in the gay city of ——; and the boarding-house which had the distinguished honour to accommodate the ladies of Rosemount, was crowded with company as soon as it was known *they were in town*.

“Short greeting serves,” says sir Walter, “in time of strife:” the same may be said, *mutatis mutandis*, on the present occasion. There were questions to be asked, and news to be told, and all was a scene of delightful bustle, and loquacity, and nonsense, when Mr. Courtal, a young gentleman of sixty, was announced to wait on the Miss Belcours. Mr. Courtal was one of those who—

“———For forty years had shin’d,  
An humble servant to all womankind,”

and was, nevertheless, “yet lord of himself, uncumbered with a wife.”

“Oh, now we shall hear all about him!” said several voices at once.—“Mr. Courtal, you can tell us all and about this elegant young Englishman—he brought letters to you?”

Mr. Courtal bowed profoundly to Mrs. Belcour, and then to her daughters—then to the right—then to the left—and then, as my old schoolmaster used to instruct me, *in toto*, to the company.—“Most happy to see Mrs. Belcour and her lovely daughters. He had feared, that at this genial season, when Spring, ‘veiled in a cloud of shadowing roses, on the plain descends,’ it had been impossible to seduce them from Rosemount, that bower of bliss; but what, ladies, is season and scene to you, whose presence sheds a universal joy?”

Having made this little flourish, Mr. Courtal turned to the inquirers.—“To me? no, ’pon honour, he brought no letters of recommendation that I hear of, except what are written on his surprisingly handsome face and very interesting countenance; and those are addressed to other

guess persons than to a wary, old—old, did I say? a fico for the phrase—to a wary lawyer, ladies, who is not quite so young as he once was.”

“But you know,” said a lady, “that he comes from Northumberland, and that his name is Percy—you must acknowledge that, Mr. Courtal.”

“I am advised that he comes from Northumberland, and that his name is Percy; but on the subject of his claim to the lordship of Alnwick Castle, this deponent saith, *nil novit in causa*, a phrase which the ladies may translate as best suits their pleasure.”

“But you come from Northumberland yourself,” said a very young lady, half crying; “and I am sure, if you were not so ill-natured, you would tell us that he was of the Percy family, and heir to the title.”

“Oh! the old lord is dead, and I am positive this is the earl of Northumberland himself,” said another lady.

“Gramercy!” said Mr. Courtal, “that



is coming to the point at once; truly, I perceive that if this stout earl, if earl he needs must be, has a mind—

‘ His pleasure in the southern states  
Three summer months to take,’

there will be found those who will be aiding and abetting him in the adventure.”

“ The *earl*,” said an old lady, in accent of high disdain at the ignorance of the speaker—“ the lords of Northumberland, permit me to tell you, sir, are dukes.”

“ Oh, rare republicans !” said Mr. Courtal ; “ the ink is scarce dry, and the blood is scarce cold, which was shed in the cause of liberty and equality, and here we are sighing for scarfs and garters, as if it had not been finally settled among us that all but worth was ‘ leather or prunella !’ ”

“ But, Mr. Courtal,” said Maria Belcour, “ you must allow me to say (mind, sir, I have not yet seen the letters of recommendation of which you are pleased to speak so favourably), that the wight who has the hardihood to enter the lists just at

this moment, against the theatre (ay, and to carry off the palm of victory too, if we are to judge by what has just passed), must have a spirit as chivalrous as that of his famed ancestor, who determined to kill a buck on the plantation of his neighbour Douglas, though it should cost him his life.—What think you, colonel Longacre?”

“More shame for him,” said colonel Longacre, an old gentleman of large landed estates, whose wife had dragged him most unwillingly to ——, on the present occasion, to see the plays, and shew her daughter, who, being an only child, he lived in the continual fear of seeing snatched up by a fortune-hunter—“more shame for him! if that Mr. Ancestor, or whatever you call him, went for to kill a buck on Mr. Douglas’s land, without saying, ‘with your leave,’ or ‘by your leave,’ I think it was a very unhandsome thing.”

“Spoken like the lord of a manor!” said Mr. Courtal; “and Mr. Douglas was much of your mind, touching that same thing, whereby came some bloody noses

and cracked crowns, let alone more serious consequences.—But, colonel, this his *present* grace of Northumberland, of whom we are now speaking, is likely, from what I can gather from this fair company, to be a striker of something *dearer* than *deer*, if I may use a miserable pun, which, however, Shakespeare did not disdain to use before me.”

“Body o’ me, lawyer Courtal, but you are a wise man,” said the colonel; “and I can take your hint, though you wrap it up in such an oddish manner.”

“But, colonel Longacre,” said Mrs. Belcour, smiling, “would you not like to see Miss Betsy a duchess?”

“Marrow bones!” returned the colonel, “what good would being a duchess do? No, shew me his name on the assessor’s books, madam Belcour, that is the place I look for a man’s name who is to marry my daughter.”

“Poor Mr. Percy, in that case,” said a gentleman, “has small chance of obtaining the hand of the fair Miss Elizabeth; for



notwithstanding his pretensions to nobility, I rather suppose he will be found to be—

‘ Lord of his presence, but no land beside.’

“ And that presence,” said Miss Belcour, “ must be very imposing, to have excited the sensation and attention it has done.”

“ La! there now,” said Mr. Courtal, “ when a ducal coronet is the stake, even the Belcour disdains not to take a hand.”

“ True, Mr. Courtal,” said the young lady, laughing; “ but I must first ascertain that there *is* a ducal coronet to be played for.—Apropos—you come from the island which grows lords and ladies, and ought to know something: has he any of the marks—what say you?”

“ Fair questioner,” said Mr. Courtal, “ I was too young when I left *faderland* to remember what a lord was made of, admitting I ever saw one.—But what do you take me for, ladies? do you think I

would afford this handsome young spring—all such an *open sesame* to your good graces as to admit his claims to dukedoms and what not, when I can scarce get a kind look as it is?”

“And has the man,” said Mrs. Belcour, “really the impudence to make such pretensions?”

“Let me speak to that point,” said a young gentleman, coming forward, who had not before joined in the conversation.

“Hear, hear!” said Mr. Courtal.

“Hear, hear!” said several voices at once.

“This young phoenix,” continued the gentleman, “who must have dropped from the clouds, for I can account for his appearance among us in no other way—who delights all eyes and wins all hearts—eh! is it not so, ladies?—is so far from laying any claim to nobility, that, as he declared in my presence this morning, with half serious drollery, he did not even pretend to be a gentleman; and has, from sheer mortification and chagrin, occasioned

by the ridiculous surmises concerning him, withdrawn himself from society."

"Now *laus Deo* that he has abdicated any way," said Mr. Courtal; "there may be some luck stirring for us republicans yet: and this emboldens me to urge a suit, which I had but now considered as well-nigh hopeless. A riding party is arranged for to-morrow, and I have just had the good fortune to possess myself of a palfrey, which queen Zenobia herself might not disdain to ride, though all unworthy, I acknowledge, to bear the weight of Belcour. Might I be permitted to hold the stirrup, I were the most honoured and most happy squire of dames that ever set lady in saddle."

This offer was graciously accepted, and the gallant lawyer took his leave with a certain jauntiness of air, which shewed that the old gentleman thought himself quite what he was forty summers ago.

"Unthought-of follies cheat us in the wise."

Mr. Courtal was a lawyer of consider-



able eminence in his profession, and had made a large fortune at the bar; but it was one of his weak points, that he was determined to forget he had not succeeded in doing so, until he had declined into the vale of years. At sixty, to be considered as a beau and a gallant, was the paltry, frivolous wish of a man of sound learning, and, in all other matters, of much worldly wisdom. This, his foible, was the occasion of his being greatly ridiculed, and not unfrequently subjected him to gross impositions; an instance of which occurred on this very day of which we are now speaking.

The swindler mentioned in the preceding chapter by the name of Cogwell, brought to his door and offered for sale a singularly beautiful mare. Mr. Courtal was no great judge of horseflesh; and the known character of her owner forbidding any reliance on his recommendation, he was about to decline the purchase, when the wily old dealer changed his mind by saying—"Your honour must

take her; you can't do without her. Here's Mrs. Belcour and the famous young beauties of Rosemount come to town. Riding parties are all the go, and I wonder who will be for scampering alongside of them if it's not Mr. Courtal. And your honour has never a horse in your stable fit for any body to trust their necks on, except such young dare-devils as yourself, begging your pardon. Now this pretty beast is as gentle a creature as ever was wrapped in hide."

"Why, my horses are rather spirited, as you say, for ladies; and so, you old clipper of purses, or winner of purses, it's all one, I suppose I must take her."

A large party assembled on the following morning before the lodgings of Mrs. Belcour; and though I would not have my reader imagine, for a moment, that Miss Eliza was not provided with horse and squire on this occasion, yet, in the relation of the circumstances attending this memorable ride, I must confine myself solely to what concerns her sister.

Mr. Courtal succeeded in placing Miss Belcour on Fatima (for so he called his bargain) to admiration, and Fatima performed her part to a charm; she arched her neck, and champed the bit, and ambled along, as proudly conscious that her master purchased her for this very honourable service, and no other.—“ I must really do that old villian, Cogwell, a good turn for selling me this mare,” said Mr. Courtal to himself; “ the next time one of his knaveries brings him before our court, I must help him out, that’s flat.”

The gay party galloped swiftly along, and they were at some distance from the city, when Fatima began to discover some of that capriciousness of which her sex (whether justly or unjustly I care not to say) are accused; that is, the more she was praised, the less she saw fit to deserve it; for, after several demi-volts, and carrioles, by no means comporting with the character of a well-educated beast, she took a sudden fit of the sullens, and, in spite of the admonition of whip and rein,



stood stockstill. I have seen something like this ere now in creatures who ought to have had more reason about them than was to be looked for in Fatima—but let that pass.

Maria Belcour was an excellent rider, and by no means disconcerted at this unexpected piece of misbehaviour on the part of Fatima; desiring the party to pass on, she said she would wait the animal's good pleasure, and added, laughing, she firmly believed it was a preconcerted trick of Mr. Courtal's to secure her company to himself.

Mr. Courtal, who had experienced such a revulsion of feeling towards Cogwell, that he had determined to prosecute him on the first offence, even to hanging, drawing, and quartering, was mollified by this pleasantry of Miss Belcour, and was framing a befitting rejoinder, when the mare, as though the sum total of female waywardness was centred in her single self, seized the bit between her teeth, and flew across the open fields with the speed of an Eclipse.

Mr. Courtal followed as best he might ; but, alas ! though he spared not whip and spur, he followed at most unequal pace ; the mare, with her fair rider, quickly gained the wood by which the field was skirted, and was lost to his view.

To be thrown out in such a chase, though for reasons which we may hereafter state, Purdy himself must have shared the same fate ; yet, to Mr. Courtal's apprehension, it was disgrace and ruin not to be endured. But the reader must overtake Maria, though the gallant lawyer was unhappily unable to do so.

Finding that all her attempts to stop the animal were ineffectual, she had only to determine, as she did with admirable presence of mind, to sit fast, and let her take her run out. On entering the wood, she suddenly changed her course, and avoiding the thick clumps of trees, took the most open way, until arriving at a fence placed on a high bank, she stopped, as uncertain whether or not to attempt

the leap—Miss Belcour seized the moment, and sprung safe to the ground.

“Heaven forbid that you should be hurt!” said a gentleman of very youthful appearance, in a sportsman’s dress, who bounded over the fence at the instant, leaving his horse in the hands of a servant on the other side.

“I hope not,” said Miss Belcour, endeavouring to recover herself as she leaned against a tree. She felt extremely faint, however, and scarcely knowing what she did, motioned as though she would untie her bonnet, which had been tightly fastened on her setting out to ride.

The stranger flew to her assistance, and with an agitation and haste which almost rendered him incapable of performing the office, took it from her head.

The start, which surprised admiration at the sight of her exquisitely lovely features occasioned, was not unperceived by the young lady; and we do not altogether reject the belief that, notwithstanding her flurried spirits, a sense of self-approving



beauty stole across her mind, and did something towards recovering her; as, in the gentleman before her, she saw by far the most graceful and elegant young man she had ever beheld.

Expecting every instant the arrival of Mr. Courtal, Miss Belcour did not, for some minutes, perceive the unpleasantness of her situation. The stranger made no advances towards conversation, but continued to walk about with disordered steps, exclaiming—"If she had suffered the slightest injury, what madness—what folly! if she had suffered the slightest injury, what miserable folly!"

"Sir!" said the young lady, in great surprise.

"Pardon me, madam," said he, recovering himself, and bowing—"permit me to know how I can render assistance in restoring you to the friends from whom this detestable animal has separated you; you will not, I presume, venture to mount it again. My servant is at hand with my

horses ; one of them I can venture to recommend.—William,” said he, “ bring round the horses.”

His servant, an elderly, grave, though, as Miss Belcour afterwards remembered, ill-looking man, in plain, but genteel livery, brought forward the horses.

“ It is inconceivable,” said Miss Belcour, greatly at a loss how to act in this emergency, “ that Mr. Courtal does not join me.”

“ Poor Mr. Courtal !” said the young stranger, “ to have lost you in this wood will be a reflection on his gallantry, which I fear the light-hearted old man will hardly survive. But there is really no time for words ; that he has taken a wrong direction in pursuit of you, is evident. The morning, though but now so delightful, has changed its aspect ; a heavy shower is impending, and I must assume a liberty which nothing but present circumstances could excuse.—William, put the young lady’s saddle on Selim.—I can say nothing,” said he, observing Miss Bel-

cour's perplexity, " which will assure you, that in suffering this arrangement, you are not accepting the poor services of one who is unworthy to offer them. To acquaint you with my name will signify nothing; it is Percy, and must necessarily be unknown to you."

Miss Belcour, in having her suspicions confirmed, that this was the unknown who had so much engaged the attention of the fashionables at ———, could not but perceive that the notoriety of her adventure would be considerably increased by the circumstance, and felt a proportionable degree of reluctance to owe her return to town to his civility; but there was no help. Her first resolve had been to remain where she was until the arrival of Mr. Courtal; but Mr. Percy did not look like a person to leave a fair lady's side all unguarded, and this resolution was no sooner formed than abandoned. The idea of walking was rejected on the same grounds; and the shower, which Percy



had asserted to be impending, being now evidently at hand, Miss Belcour was mounted on Selim. They set off at a good pace; and large drops of rain beginning to fall, Percy was proposing to stop under a spreading tree, when the servant, who was mounted on the cause of their troubles, mentioned that a small house was at no great distance. To this they directed their course, and the young lady was scarcely under its shelter when the rain fell in torrents.

Vexatious as was this delay, Miss Belcour could not but feel that the unpleasantness of her situation was much lessened by the obvious inquietude it occasioned her attendant. His solicitude to conduct her to her friends was evidently unaffected; and indeed, so little did he seem disposed to improve the opportunity of forming an acquaintance with her, that she would, in all probability, have questioned his being of gentle blood, had she not thought she perceived in his looks an anx-

iety about her that not only interested, but surprised her.

The appearance of the inmates of the house, as well as of two men who had also, as they said, sought shelter from the rain, was by no means prepossessing. Mr. Percy seemed, as he watched the clouds, to be undecided in what manner to proceed. At length, after observing her in silence for a moment, he said—"If Miss Belcour——"

The lady looked her surprise at his naming her.

"I beg," said he, in much confusion, and stammering—"I beg Miss——"

"You have named me rightly, sir," said she; "my name *is* Belcour."

He blushed still more deeply, and seemed about to attempt again to address her, when, "bloody with spurring, fiery hot with speed," Mr. Courtal was seen approaching the house in all the majesty of mud. To his eager inquiries, whether they had seen a young lady in a green riding-dress, on a white mare, he was an-

answered, to his inexpressible joy, that she was in the house. He threw himself from his horse, and entered with as much agility as he could have done thirty years before, and finding Miss Belcour ready to meet, and extend her hand to him, the old man was too much affected to maintain the character of a young gallant, and actually sobbed as he wrung it, and cried —“ My dear, dear child ! are you indeed safe ? To be the first to find your lifeless or maimed body was all I expected.”

“ I *am* safe—quite safe,” said the young lady, scarcely less affected than himself at beholding an emotion so unexpected ; “ I was so fortunate as to leap off at a spot where I found this gentleman, by whose polite attention I have escaped exposure to this storm.”

“ The gentleman,” said Mr. Courtal, endeavouring to recover his usual manner, “ was in luck. Well, this is his day—another may be mine. He will mark it, I doubt not, with a white stone ; though I never yet knew these ‘ *speluncam Dido*,



*dux et Trojanus eandem*' affairs come to much good. There are no limbs broke, yet there may be a breaking of something else—eh, Percy?"

Mr. Percy said, with gravity, he hoped there was nothing to apprehend.

"Oh, I dare believe, on second thoughts, there is not; you will escape scot-free, for 'tis as hard to find a heart that will break as a glass that will not."

Mr. Percy made an unsuccessful effort to smile at this sally, and then asked how it happened Mr. Courtal lost sight of the lady?

"By enchantment," said Mr. Courtal; "which, if any gentleman, knight, or even squire, denies, I appeal him to the combat. Why, sir, when the witch of a mare which Miss Belcour rode flew away, as Pindar says, 'light as a bullet from a gun,' my horse, who, I assure you, has taken a sweepstakes in his time, limped as if he had been shot. It was enchantment—it could not be else."

"Can you form any rational conjec-

ture," said Percy, laughing, "what necromantic sage hath played you so foul a trick?"

"Yes, truly," replied Mr. Courtal; "some sage Urganda, who had erewhile been the guardian of Amadis de Gaul, or Don Belianis of Greece, or Fleximarte of Hyrcania, or haply, Beldonivos of the mountain—fellows that went about righting of wrongs, and redressing of grievances, and be hanged to them! without submitting the cases to trial by jury—envious of the happiness of one whose vocation it is to stop such unlawful and irregular modes of administering justice—hath played me this prank."

"But be serious, Mr. Courtal," said Maria, "and tell me how you lost sight of me?"

"If I were to be as serious as a man with a grey mare in his house—(out upon all grey mares, I say, at board or at manger!)—I could not alter one tittle of my tale: my horse went unaccountably lame, and on entering the wood, I found I had lost you. A young cockatrice of a boy

(I trust I may see the lying limb of Satan before a grand jury some day or other) gave me a wrong direction, which led me, ere I was aware, to a piece of swampy ground, crossed, and cut, and slashed by ditches half drained. In short, after having been stained with the variation of an hundred mud-holes, I at length got through, and by mere good luck, made my way to this house, pelted indeed by the pitiless storm ; but, finding you safe, most incomparable lady, I have only to add, ‘ begone, my cares—I give you to the wind !’

Whilst the lively old gentleman ran on in this manner, the rain continued to fall without intermission, and there being no prospect of its ceasing, it was resolved, *tota re conspectu*, as Mr. Courtal said, to send Percy’s servant to town for a carriage, and quietly wait for it where they were. Supposing the rest of the riding party would be as certainly prevented from returning as themselves, it was thought



best not to alarm Mrs. Belcour by any intimation of the occurrence.

The two gentlemen exerted themselves to entertain Miss Belcour, and they succeeded. Mr. Percy shewed himself possessed of belles lettres knowledge, as well as of solid learning; and when drawn out, as he considerately and kindly was by Mr. Courtal, of no small portion of elegant and classical wit. But the flashes which indicated this latter quality were ever succeeded by darker shades of pensiveness, whilst, on subjects of more moving interest, he dwelt with all the eloquence of feeling and refinement. And though, as Mr. Courtal afterwards said, he was too immensely melancholy and gentleman-like for him, yet it must be admitted, that Mr. Percy was precisely such a *beau ideal* as a young lady would choose to place in the very *chamber of dais* of the prettiest castle in the air her imagination could form, in its happiest, softest moments: he was, in fact, Valancourt and Mortimer Delville to the life, shaded off with the

few good points given to Edgar Mandlebert. If it is supposed that I mean to disparage Miss Belcour, by throwing her into a love fit, at first sight, with the aforesaid gallant, I am misunderstood. She was a fine, sensible, lively girl, and valued these matters at not above ten times what they were worth ; and that is as much as I could say for any young lady ; yet sooth to say, for truth must be spoken, when the carriage made its appearance which was to take her to town, she did think the messenger had made at least as much haste as good speed.

I am not able, even were time allowed me, minutely to record the occurrences of the next ten days, the period during which Mrs. Belcour remained in ——. I can safely assert, however, that all the rules and observances in such cases made and provided by Miss Burney, Miss Porter, Regina Maria Roche, &c. &c., were fully and duly complied with. There were riots and disturbances in the lobby of the playhouse, occasioning the usual

tart words among the gentlemen, and delicate distresses among the ladies—quite in the Drury-lane and Covent-garden style. Then beside the *by-play* carried on at tea parties, and morning visits—all very well, very well for buckskins—there were misunderstandings and reconciliations, and cross words and kind looks, at balls—and smart dialogues and unexpected rencounters at booksellers' and milliners' shops—all got up in a manner that would have been creditable to Bath, Brighton, or Tunbridge. Mr. Percy was at home in all this, and played his part to admiration.

The time of separation was now approaching, and the fashionables began, as the learned baron of Tullyveolan would have expressed it, “*conclamare vasa*,” that is, to pack up their muslins and pearls, and retire from the scene of action. One circumstance alone occasioned uncommon attention and surprise on the part of these votaries of pleasure, namely, the apathy, if not satisfaction, with which Mrs. Belcour beheld the particular admiration the



unknown Mr. Percy dared to manifest for her daughter Maria. It was evident he stood high in her good graces—an enigma which, as none then pretended to solve, so neither at present shall we.

A large party were invited to attend Mrs. Belcour to Rosemount, among whom was Mr. Percy—an invitation which was most unaccountably on his part declined.

## CHAPTER IX.



“Odds,” said the landlord, “here’s a goodly company; if they stop here, we shall sing for joy.

*Don Quixote.*”

It will readily be supposed, that after a sleepless night, rendered uncomfortable by every species of annoyance naturally to be expected in a tavern—which having become the resort of the profligate and idle, bore in all its features marks of that disgusting filth which is the consequence of carelessness and vice—Mrs. Belcour departed at a very early hour from the General Greene. Mr. Scott cantered along after the coach, as happy and as perpendicular as a prince. He had promised to escort the ladies to a place of safety; and as they had given him no intimation that they considered themselves as having arrived in that desirable haven, he felt that

he was bound, both by duty and inclination, to accompany them on their journey, it mattered not to him to what point of the compass it led.

Mrs. Belcour had intended to have dismissed him on leaving the inn; but such was the perplexity in which the good lady was involved, that she entirely forgot him, suffering him to follow in her train with as little observation as if he had actually been her footman. Nor were the young ladies more mindful of his presence, for

“Anxious cares sat heavy on their souls;”

and “so faint, so spiritless, so wo-begone,” looked each one of them, that a stranger, unacquainted with their separate and several causes for unhappiness, would have fancied he saw, in the pale and wan countenances of these votaries of pleasure, that sickness of heart which arises from the idea that we are leaving scenes endeared by many a tender recollection, and which we are never more to behold. Little would he imagine, that with all the



means of happiness at home, except the faculty of appliance, they were even now journeying forth for the sole purpose of being happy abroad.

From the time that Percy declined Mrs. Belcour's invitation to Rosemount, there seemed to have been a tacit agreement between the mother and daughters, that his name should not be mentioned. Whatever had been the cause or causes which induced Mrs. Belcour to consider Percy as an Englishman of rank and family, it is certain, his not embracing an opportunity to urge a suit, in which dispatch must have been all important to a mere adventurer, rather raised than lowered him in her opinion.—“He is tired of the obscure part he is acting,” thought the lady (she had, with all her sagacity, a little spice of romance), “and he will blaze out upon us in New-York, in all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of rank, wealth, and fashion.”

Maria's reflections on the subject differed in some respects from her mother's; and, to do her justice, came much nearer

the truth. That he was a man of family, she did not doubt; but his total silence on the subject of his connexions, the obscurity in which he involved his real character, and his want, as it seemed, of the semblance of letters of recommendation, gave rise to the painful conviction, that there was a *something* concealed, which, whether it regarded himself or his family, would, when made known, advance neither his favour nor interest in the circle in which she had found him, and in which he appeared so fortuitously placed, however well calculated he was to grace and adorn it. Like her mother, however, she failed not to attach a pleasing construction to his refusal of the invitation to Rosemount.—“To me, at least,” thought Maria, and she often dwelt on the idea with secret satisfaction, “his conduct has been open and honourable. He will either come to Rosemount in his real character, or he declines an intimacy of which he may consider himself as unworthy.”

This latter supposition was never made

without causing something in the likeness of a sigh; and, indeed, all the sentiments Maria had heard him express (she having a tolerable good recollection thereof), seemed to render it both cruel and unjust.

Such being the consideration in which Percy was held by Mrs. Belcour and Maria, it may be supposed that the occurrence which took place within their hearing, if not before their eyes, was calculated to mortify and distress them in the extreme.

Mrs. Belcour felt at once that she had been overreached, duped, in a matter in which she had thought her knowledge of the world must have secured her from deception. On no one point did she so much value herself, as on her nice discrimination of character, and her ability to decide, at a glance, the precise degree of estimation in which she was to hold those who were introduced to her acquaintance; though it must be mentioned, that Mrs. Belcour did not make the rule, so feelingly complained of by Mrs. Primrose the criterion by which she formed her opinion.



She did not ask—"What *has* he?" for Mrs. Belcour was not avaricious; neither indeed did she ask—"What *is* he?" No; one solitary requisite was a passport to Mrs. Belcour, and this, in truth, was a *sine qua non*.—"Is he in the first society?" The question in this case had been satisfactorily answered, as she thought—"In the very first."

The various means by which Mrs. Belcour had been deceived in this instance, we have not time just now to detail. We must proceed to say, that the idea of having openly given her countenance to a man, who not only proved to be an adventurer, but to be leagued with swindlers and common cheats, in a most disgraceful conspiracy against the happiness of her favourite daughter, gave the severest blow to her pride, and pang to her heart, she had ever experienced, and nearly determined her to demand, in the next competitor who should offer for her daughter's hand, some other qualifications besides "being in the very first society."

Maria's feelings on the occasion were of a more complicated but not less distressing nature. The vile and despicable scheme in which he had been engaged, appeared to her in all its deformity; yet the effect which her charms had produced, even on such a character—the unequivocal proof which not only his words but his conduct afforded her, that however deeply he had erred, yet to her his love was generous, disinterested, and sincere, elevating his mind above the snares of guilt and circumstance, and enabling him, in a moment of fancied success, to relinquish a project which compromised his honour and her happiness—she pardoned him then, for against her he did not retain the offence; she pitied him, for of the crimes of which she heard him accused, she did not believe him guilty—supposing him to be the dupe, and not the accomplice of Cogwell.

Eliza felt her sister's situation deeply; but she had also her own private sources of distress and inquietude, arising from

the circumstance. Mr. Percy, it appeared, with the fairest exterior, was a despicable fortune-hunter, capable of consorting and plotting with the meanest wretches to effect his nefarious purposes. What was she to think?—what would her mother think of the young stranger of the inn, should he too prove unworthy? How deep—how doubly deep must be his deceptious art!

Absorbed each in their own melancholy ruminations, they had continued their journey about two hours, when Mrs. Belcour suddenly rousing herself from the reverie in which she had been plunged, asked her daughters if they would have any objection to stop for a few days at Hopewell Hall, the seat of colonel Hopewell, a near connexion of her husband, and who was further connected with her from the circumstance of his brother, William Hopewell, having married her sister, Eliza Sparkle.—“ I have long thought of paying the colonel a visit,” said the lady; “ for besides his being considered among



the first men in his own state, he is so well known and connected to the eastward, that it would be every way desirable to be on the best terms with the old man; but then he keeps such an odd set about him, has such strange prepossessions, and, of course, such strange people that he insists on your knowing, that I have really been afraid of him."

The young ladies considering this as a virtual abandonment of the trip to the eastward (as indeed it was intended; for the Hall, if it did not lie in a course which would be absolutely retrograde, was at least at right angles with the one which would take them to the *great city*), most gladly acceded to the proposal; and the carriage, turning from the post-road, proceeded towards Hopewell Hall, from which they were now distant between thirty and forty miles.

On arriving at the large, old-fashioned, and almost grand mansion, of colonel Hopewell, which they did between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, they

were surprised, instead of the stillness which at that hour generally reigns in the court-yards of southern dwellings, to see that all was bustle and hurry. Carriages were driving from the door—stable boys were leading off horses—and the portico was crowded with bandboxes, trunks, and all other necessary appurtenances towards the comfort and convenience of those who travel in style.

The colonel, a fine, tall, military-looking man, received them with every mark of affection and real pleasure.—“You have come, my dear cousin,” said he, addressing Mrs. Belcour, “in the very nick of time; and many, many thanks,” cried he, leading her to a seat, “for this well-timed, though somewhat long-promised visit.”

“I am not sure, colonel,” said Mrs. Belcour, with great affability, “that you will give me so kind a welcome, when I tell you that I did not intend to see you at the Hall until I returned from New-York, when I could have staid so much longer with you; but the heat of the weather

has induced me to follow my first inclination on leaving home—and so here we are. I am half ashamed, colonel, to introduce my girls—that it should be necessary to so valued a relation, is a sad memento of our long separation.”

A slight shade of melancholy passed over his countenance, as, taking each of them tenderly by the hand, he looked with deep interest on their lovely features, and traced in their fine lineaments much that reminded him of days that were gone.—“Sweet and beautiful mementoes are they,” said he, “of faces now no more; and the memory of former times comes, whilst I look at them, like the evening sun on my soul. But once more, you are right welcome. And now, my fair cousins, that you have come to see the old man of the Hall, you shall find that he has in his castle lords and dames, and squires of high degree; you shall see if we have not something worth twining a ringlet and dimpling a cheek for at Hopewell.”

“Come, dear colonel,” said Mrs. Bel-



cour, "who and who have you got with you? I perceive you have just had an arrival."

"Oh, what, you were off to New-York, were you?" returned he. "Well, here is an old proverb put to shame with a witness—'Mahomet would not go to the mountain, and the mountain has actually come to Mahomet.'"

"Explain, colonel, explain," said Mrs. Belcour, in high expectation.

"Oh! Mary must explain," replied the colonel, gaily; "and here she comes."

Mary Hopewell, a lovely girl, and the colonel's only child, now entered, and was delighted to see the ladies.—"What would a poor rustic like me have done," said she, "if you, my dear friends, had not so opportunely come to my assistance? Here are all our fine cousins from New-York!"

"Impossible!" said all the ladies in a breath—"Emily and Jane?"

"Even so," said the colonel; "but that is but the beginning of wonders. My

nephew Harry accompanies his sisters, and a rare and curious piece of workmanship he appears to be, I promise you. Then there is a Mr. De Vapour, of whom I know nothing; but as he comes in their train, I am bound to believe he is vastly genteel. For the other, I leave it to Mary to designate his name and quality; she has just finished ‘Sir Charles Grandison,’ and will do it in good set terms.”

“My dear father,” said Mary, “I am at my wit’s end to know how to look, speak, or think; and some terrible mistakes I am sure I shall make: but not to keep the ladies in suspense, I will at once say, we number among our guests an English nobleman, lord Umberdale.”

A faint though melancholy smile was exchanged between Mrs. Belcour and Maria, for the duke of Northumberland affair was of too recent date to allow them to recognise pretensions to nobility.

“I perceive,” said Mary, blushing deeply, “that you think I am joking; but allow me to take you to your apartments.”

“ Ay,” cried the colonel, “ to your toilet, to your toilet; and then as old Morgan the Welsh doctor used to say, ‘ you sall pehold fat you sall see.’ ”

We will pass by the greetings which may have been supposed to have taken place between the aunt and nieces and cousins; and giving them one hour to prepare for dinner, we will, in the mean time, take our stand in the drawing-room, and announce the company to the reader.

The gentleman standing at yon window, conversing with the colonel, is his lordship—not an adventuring pretender to title, but actually and *bona fide* Charles Edgar Arley, baron of Umberdale and Arley: his dress is extremely plain, but arrayed with sufficient regard to the fashionable costume of the day, to prevent the charge of affectation or singularity. His serious, if not grave cast of countenance, would at the first glance mark his age at thirty; the second look would make him younger by five years; the truth lay



between—he was twenty-seven. The precise object of his visit to the United States is not known, but it passed under the head of travelling to see the country. Lord Umberdale's talents, which were of no ordinary stamp, were improved by a general acquaintance both with books and with men; and he really wished to behold and judge for himself of the state of a country possessing the refined and polished society of his own, and yet distinguished from it by the abolition of the order to which he himself belonged, and where the prerogative of peerage, so far from influencing any of the concernments of life or manners, was not only unheeded, but totally unknown. An invitation to travel to the south, in the company of persons so certain to bring him in contact with the families of distinction through the country, as were the Hopewells, and which he received by means of Mr. De Vapour, was most acceptable to him; for he was well aware that his countrymen, who from time to time favour the world with their travels

in America, are likely to gain as little knowledge of the state of society in the back settlements of New-York and Pennsylvania, as if they had remained behind their desks in Manchester or Birmingham.

In this journey he neither affected to conceal his rank nor to presume on it, but appeared at all times as a well-bred, intelligent young man, willing to be pleased, and grateful for civilities shewn him. Persons of more penetration than was possessed by those in whose company he now travelled, would have remarked, that there were moments when his lordship's countenance was overcast with something more than its constitutional gravity; that as he advanced towards the south, his fits of abstraction became more frequent; that his inquiries into the state of society, particularly of the characters who were supposed to be most prominent in the gay and dissipated world, were more minute, and, as it seemed from some unknown cause, more interesting to him.

Very different is the appearance of his lordship's countryman, Mr. De Vapour; for he too is an Englishman of rank and fashion. He is known to be highly connected, and does not a little pride himself on the circumstance. Haughty and supercilious to his inferiors, scrupulous in exacting the attention he considers as his due from his equals, and cringing and sycophantic to those he is forced to acknowledge as his superiors, Mr. De Vapour lives under the continual dread lest he should inadvertently infringe on the rules he has imposed on himself for the due regulation of his intercourse with society. So desirous is he to be considered on an intimate footing with nobility, that an acquaintance ere he left England once said of him—"If De Vapour is walking with a lord's *second* cousin, and he sees a lord's *first* cousin on the opposite side of the way, he will change partners, at the expence of politeness, friendship, or any other consideration whatever."

Never was Mr. De Vapour more an-



noyed than he is at this moment. Doctor Clapperton, a neighbour of the colonel, and now on a visit at the Hall, has him fast by the button; and after assuring him that he knew his uncle, doctor De Vapour, he is describing the shifts to which he and the said uncle were put, in order to maintain themselves, cheap as was the living, when they were students together at the Medical College in Edinburgh.

Doctor Clapperton, though his turn should not come before I have done with the New-Yorkers, must now be introduced, and a greater oddity, either in town or country, the reader was never made acquainted with. He had been bred a physician, but coming to the possession of a good landed estate, by the death of a relation, which estate was situated in the neighbourhood of Hopewell Hall, near which the doctor was born, he renounced, as he said, Galenicals, and applied himself to the acquisition of a more enlarged stock of knowledge than could be obtained by the study of any one profession. Did I

wish to enumerate the different branches of science and learning in which he considered himself as having become an adept, I should have nothing more to do than to copy the titlepage of an encyclopædia—it would only embrace them. He was a schemer, a wit, a poet, a politician; and loving to hear himself talk, he

“Exhausted themes, and then imagin’d new.”

In short his tongue was never idle when it could get ears to work upon.

Of Henry Hopewell, esquire, the colonel’s nephew, I have little more to say, than that he was educated in England, and was, as usual with young Americans who have had that singular advantage, a mere fashion-block. He moved in the first circles—and I might dispatch him by saying, that he was *a gentleman of wit and pleasure about town*. But, alas! of wit he had none; or, if he had, like that of other beaux, it was shut up, for safe keeping, “in snuff-boxes and in tweezer-cases.”

He had been induced to make this visit

to his relations by his friend Mr. De Vapour, who intimated that he could so contrive that lord Umberdale should make one of the party ; and his sisters were nothing averse to a visit, even to country relations, when it promised to secure to them so decided an advantage over all the competitors for his lordship's attention.

On the entrance of the ladies, they were presented in due form ; and if lord Umberdale was struck with admiration at the polished grace of Mrs. Belcour (for the good lady being satisfied that this was the real Simon Pure, her manner was elegance itself), not less was he delighted and surprised at beholding the exquisite beauty of her daughters ; for it did so happen, though I know not how to account for it, that the Miss Hopewells had never mentioned, before his lordship, that their cousins, to whom they were journeying, were considered the most beautiful and highly-accomplished girls “ south of the Potomac.”



But great as was his surprise at witnessing unexpectedly so much grace and loveliness, it was far surpassed by the agitation of our ladies of Rosemount, who saw in lord Umberdale so strong a resemblance to the adventurer Percy, that but for circumstances which rendered the supposition incredible, less interested observers might have fancied it was that unfortunate and misguided person himself; yet a closer inspection would soon shew, that in the placid and composed features of lord Umberdale, there was nothing of that wild and unsubdued feeling, which had led Percy into the mazes of fault, folly, and guilt, and now plunged him, not in an imaginary, but a real dungeon, covered with disgrace and ignominy.

The elder Miss Hopewell was, it was thought, of no particular age; it had not, therefore, been inquired into for three or four years, in her hearing at least.

The youngest, Miss Jane, owned to nineteen—

“ I cannot say how the truth may be,  
I tell her age as 'twas told to me.”

Their mother they lost when they were children, and had been educated by a maiden aunt, who was a perfect martinet in all that regarded rank and gentility. For some time before her death, this aunt had mingled little with society; indeed it was thought she never enjoyed herself from the time the British army evacuated New-York. The officers had persuaded the good lady, that her hatred of the rebels, and her love for “ passive obedience and non-resistance” was such, that it could not but be noticed in the mother country, and even gave her reason to hope, that a sense of her devotion to prerogative would ascend unto the knowledge of majesty itself. The capture of Cornwallis was a thunderclap, which never ceased to ring in the ears of this Tory lady; and when the troops of her beloved master hurried away from her, with a precipitation which seemed to say—“ De'il tak the hindmost,” her every hope of pleasure and

distinction went with them ; and the high-minded spinster retired from the world, under the full conviction that there was no one in it worth her regard and attention. True it is, that even after this, her retreat, a tall, raw-boned Irishman, who called himself “ the earl of Killgobbin,” but who was in reality a servant to sir Henry Clinton, whilst he sojourned in New-York——but I don’t believe the story myself, and therefore I will not tell it. She it was who brought up the Miss Hopewells, and taught them to draw the line between those who were *in*, and those who were *out* of the world, with more precision than any other ladies in the island of Manhattan.

As the wealth of Mrs. Belcour, and her frequent visits to the eastward, enabled her to keep her place in the circle of her city relations, they entertained for *her* something of respect. But of their uncle, colonel Hopewell, they had never, until now, professed to have any recollection ; and, indeed, no earthly inducement would



have brought them to the Hall, but the one I have hinted at—they were attended by a lord.

Dinner is now announced. The company are filing off in order due.

Colonel Hopewell knew Mr. Scott by report, as a worthy but eccentric man; and although immeasurably astonished to find him in the train of the ladies of Rosemount, he did not fail to pay him the respect and attention due to his sacred calling. As the company surrounded the table, the colonel paid little attention to what might be called the adjustment of the ceremonial, for he folded his hands with an air of much devotion, and desired Mr. Scott to ask for a blessing on the repast.

CHAPTER X.  
~~~~~

Heard ye the din of dinner bray,
Knife to fork, and fork to knife? *Anonymous.*

Table Talk at the Hall.

THE Miss Hopewells were well pleased with the appearance of Hopewell Hall; every part of the establishment was on a large, if not splendid scale, and they felt they had no cause to blush for the seat of their ancestors, even in the presence of a peer of Great Britain. The frank, open, and easy manner of their uncle, they also saw, had made a favourable impression, and they were beginning to breathe somewhat freer, and to look round them with an air approaching as near to confidence and cordiality as their natures were capable of, when they were taken all aback

at perceiving the absence, and even carelessness which the colonel manifested in performing the duties of his station at the table.

The old gentleman loved to tell his story, and it was his delight to talk whilst seated at the social board. Even now, in my mind's eye, I see him; the carving-knife is brandished high—the fork is already in a fine saddle of mutton; but, ere he commences the attack, a smile plays on his countenance at the recollection of the circumstance, and he must needs tell of a little mistake made by his friend, the baron de Kalb; he never sees a saddle of mutton but it reminds him of it.

“ We were working our way towards the Cheraw Hills, my lord, your countrymen had gone before us, and, sooth to say, had left us very little to eat on the road: we had been a day and a half without more than would have satisfied a well-grown chameleon, when we were so fortunate as to stumble on the house of an old German, so completely ensconced in the

pires, that our good friends the British had not found him out."

Mrs. Belcour was quite disconcerted at this reminiscence of the recent contest with his lordship's countrymen; but the colonel, intending to excite nothing but good humour, went on, whilst lord Umberdale, highly amused by the *naïveté* of his host, and the evident vexation of more than one of the guests, seemed greatly to enjoy the scene.

"The farmer," continued the colonel, "no sooner saw the white skin and blue eye of the baron, than he let fly such a volley of ugly sounds, for I won't dignify them with the name of words (by the bye, cousin Jane, I hear 'tis fashionable now to learn this horrid jargon, called the German language). Well, this gibberish conjured up a large piece of cold roast beef.—'Aha, my lord Rawdon—aha, colonel Tarleton,' said the baron, with infinite relish, as he scooped the meat with a jackknife from between the ribs (they were as long, Mr. De Vapour, as those of the famous dun

cow, which no doubt you have seen in Warwick Castle). ‘ You ave leave von leetle bit mootton for de poor American, I tank you, my lord—I tank you, colonel Tarleton.’ Then turning to me—‘ I do tink,’ said he, ‘ there be not of de vorl von as lov de mootton so vel as me.”

“ But, my dear colonel,” said Mrs. Belcour, who felt concerned for the honour of southern hospitality, “ will you not allow your friends to judge for themselves, whether that inviting-looking dish bears beef or mutton? we are like to fall into the baron’s mistake, unless you cut it up and permit us to taste it.”

“ Otherwise,” said lord Umberdale, “ the colonel will treat us with less consideration than my countryman Rawdon did him and the baron de Kalb.”

The colonel forthwith applied himself to the mutton, never once reflecting upon the solecism in politeness he had been guilty of, but laughing heartily at his own inattention, declared it was altogether the fault of a book which he had read by the

advice of doctor Clapperton, in order to make himself acquainted with the very last edicts which had been issued in the courts of ton, "in which," said he, "I find it stated,

'That men of true fashion and taste, when they treat, Should talk a great deal, but they never should eat.'

"Under submission, most worthy colonel," said the doctor, "I will observe, that the edict extends to the master of the feast only; for, in all other cases, men of very true fashion and taste may, as I apprehend, and do, as far as my observation goes, eat as heartily as other people." He put his hand to his chin and gave Mrs. Belcour a knowing look, as much as to say *ecce signum*: but Mrs. Belcour did not intend to open any sort of correspondence with the doctor, and he again fell to work on the bacon and chicken.

The colonel smiled, and said he was nonsuited.—"I am in truth," said he, "very regardless of the dainties of the

table; having learned, when a soldier, not only to be *contentus parvo*, but to be satisfied even when that little was of very indifferent quality; for I can assure you, sir," addressing De Vapour, "that for three days succeeding that of Braddock's defeat, I lived on a half-roasted rattlesnake, which I was fain to carry tied round my neck, as my hands were fully employed in fighting my way through the briers and bushes."

But if Mrs. Belcour and her fashionable nieces were shocked at the old gentleman's manner of entertaining his noble guests, their disgust arose to horror, when doctor Clapperton, who had been explaining to Mr. Scott his plan for building what he called a steam preacher, here broke in on the colonel, with—"If general Washington," said he, "and lord Cornwallis, for by means of a friend I made the proposition to him also, would have adopted my plan for supplying their respective armies with provisions, the distress to which the poor soldier is so frequently reduced would have been for ever avoided—the

want of a good meal would never more be felt, which I will venture to assert is the most dreadful evil in the long disheartening catalogue of a soldier's woes."

"I shall be glad to hear your plan, sir," said lord Umberdale, turning to the doctor with an air of much interest.

"It is quite simple, my lord," said the doctor; "neither more nor less than that the contending parties should be forced, or rather, I should say, allowed (for after a few weeks I am convinced no persuasion would be necessary), to feed on the enemies they respectively kill in battle."

"Feed on their enemies!" said the nobleman, drawing back with a look of surprise and horror.

"Yes," said the doctor; "no reasonable objection can be made to it. The miseries of war would be alleviated, and its duration would, in all cases, necessarily be short. Oh, I promise you, that when soldiers found they were fighting, not only for fame but for food—not only for victory but for victuals, they would literally

have some stomach to the fight ; and when they are in that vein, general Fabius himself could not hinder them from falling on ; and that human flesh is good palatable food, I myself can testify ; for when your uncle, Mr. De Vapour, and myself were together in Edinburgh——”

Mr. De Vapour's politeness and appetite were both destroyed by this last assertion ; he had, in some measure, recovered the nausea occasioned by the half-roasted rattlesnake, but this upset him, and putting down his knife and fork, he thrust his plate from him, and looked at his uncle's old friend with loathing and abhorrence.

Mrs. Belcour sat all aghast, and most heartily wished the honest doctor served up as a regale to his friends the Caribs, whose mode of living he seemed to admire so much.—“ What must his lordship,” thought she, “ and these, our most fashionable people, think of southern manners, when they hear such conversation at the table of one of the most distinguished

men of the south!" Consoling herself, however, with the reflection that *there should be no doctor Clappertons* to encounter his lordship at Rosemount, she made a successful attempt to engage his attention until dinner was over, when, at her motion, Mary Hopewell led the way to the drawing-room, leaving the gentlemen, as she supposed, to discuss the merits of the colonel's wine, which she had often heard highly praised. But Mr. Henry Hopewell had scarcely pronounced it excellent, and the encomium been echoed back by Mr. De Vapour, when the colonel, who was no winebibber, proposed to join the ladies.

I do not record this denial of the bottle as common to the usage of southerners, in that or even this more enlightened day, yet such was the custom of Hopewell Hall.

The Miss Belcours were not a little surprised, on the entrance of the gentlemen in the drawing-room, to perceive their mother, after having been so much

engaged in the contemplation of a subject which seemed to occasion her much perplexity, take her seat by Mr. Scott, and engage him in a conversation of a confidential nature; so at least it appeared to be, for she spoke nearly in a whisper, and at length actually rose and led the way to a window at some distance from the company, where the conference was continued. As Mrs. Belcour had, until this moment, *suffered*, rather than *requested*, the attendance of Mr. Scott, and had indeed generally appeared totally insensible of his presence, her daughters were wholly unable to account for this sudden degree of intimacy; nor can we at present throw any light on the subject, further than to state that Mr. Scott appeared to receive some directions from Mrs. Belcour, that he signified his acquiescence to her commands at the end of every sentence, and, finally, mentioning to colonel Hopewell that he must forthwith depart, Dunmore was ordered to the door, and declining the colonel's pressing invitation to remain

until the following day, his reverence mounted his trusty steed, and paced forth his way from Hopewell Hall.

In the drawing-room which he left, an animated and interesting conversation was kept up. The Miss Hopewells perceived that lord Umberdale, whose looks they studied as the index by which to regulate their own, was listening with great satisfaction to the solid information which he was receiving from the colonel, in answer to his many pertinent questions on the subject of the state of the country through which he was travelling; enlivened and embellished as it was with quaint sallies of wit, apposite allusions, and singular anecdotes, related with a degree of pleasantry and humour peculiarly his own; and they suffered themselves to be amused, and so far all was well.

Colonel Hopewell had ever the honour of his country, and particularly of his native state, at heart; and he conceived that he could in no way so effectually impress on the young nobleman a high estimate of

the state of its society, as by engaging the ladies of Rosemount in the discussion of the several topics which presented themselves. His lordship was astonished.—“And these people,” he repeatedly said to himself, “I was taught to believe, lived in a state of semi-barbarism !”

The colonel led the conversation, and shewed himself an able conductor. Lord Umberdale made many inquiries concerning the natural curiosities of the country, and of its most interesting and striking scenery, of which he had heard and read only some imperfect accounts; and with much discrimination and feeling, described the sensations produced on him by what he had already seen.

The Miss Belcours had been at all the remarkable places which had engaged his attention, and therefore were well able to sustain their part; whilst the colonel's easy gaiety, and the cordial unaffected manners of his lordship, insensibly banishing restraint and reserve, they became in-

terested and animated; delineating the beauties and singularities of the several situations and prospects with the precision and accuracy of refined and cultivated taste; blending occasionally their descriptions with the involuntary expression of the emotion which a view of the sublime or beautiful objects of nature occasioned in their breasts; and the grave, the gay, the pensive, or the lively shades of their dispositions, alternately predominating, threw an indescribable charm over all they said.

Lord Umberdale was delighted: he felt that he was in a new world; and perfectly agreeing with the poet, that "a little learning was a dangerous thing," cared not how deep or how long he drank, when the springs of information poured from such sources as the lips of these southern beauties.

Mr. Henry Hopewell had no talents even for silence; that is, if I understand the expression, Mr. Hopewell was not a good listener; and having shewn his fine

person, and fashionable coat (for he was *point de device* gemman from top to toe), in every attitude in which he thought he could display it to advantage in the eyes of his cousins, he gradually withdrew himself from the circle, and lounged out of the room.

Mr. De Vapour's tongue was idle, but his thoughts were busy. He had drank, to be sure, but two or three glasses of the colonel's old wine, but it was sufficient to assure him it was of "a pure relish." The old gentleman, it was true, had been somewhat tardy in cutting up the mutton; but, though it was one of those things which, as an Englishman, he was bound to keep "*alta mente repostum*," yet did he secretly confess to himself it was as good as if it had been fattened on Banstead Downs. Every thing he saw at Hopewell Hall bore undisputed marks of opulence and plenty; and Mr. De Vapour, though not particularly bright, was not so dull of apprehension, but that he

made the following notable discovery, namely—that as there was a rich, whimsical, good-natured old fellow at the bottom of the table, so there was a very beautiful young lady at the head of it.

All this passed in very swift review through the brain of Mr. De Vapour; and on what principle to account for it I am wholly at a loss, yet so it was, that the gentleman had scarcely made the discovery just mentioned, than the elder Miss Hopewell had a clear and distinct view of the road in which Mr. De Vapour's thoughts and inclinations were travelling.

Let me here observe, that for a long time the first wish of Miss Emily's heart had been a presentation at the court of St. James's; and by means of the noble relations of William De Vapour, esquire, she did think this wished-for object would one day be obtained.

How far the gentleman himself had been aiding and abetting in the encouragement of such towering ambition, I

will not say; but certain it is, she no sooner heard him ask Mary Hopewell to sit down to a piano, which was open in the room, in a modulation of voice which she had long considered as the unalienable property and right of her own sole and particular ear, than her eyes glistened, and she felt——really I cannot exactly say how; but if the reader can by any means fancy to himself the feelings of queen Elizabeth, when she found her favourite, Leicester was married to dame Amy Robsart, he will come pretty near it. In a word, Miss Emily fancied she saw an incipient something in the manner and air of Mr. De Vapour towards her cousin Mary, which rather militated against her hopes of a speedy introduction to the old lady from Mecklenburgh Strelitz, and she took her measures accordingly.

Mary had no pretensions to skill, and would gladly have declined singing; but her father, hearing the request, moved towards the instrument, and insisted on her sitting down to it.

“ It will be *home-made stuff*,” said the colonel ; “ for Mary is nearly self-taught, and both the words and the air are the product of our own farm.”

“ My dear father,” said Mary, blushing deeply, “ you would not surely——”

“ Indeed but I would surely,” returned the colonel. “ Poor Charles shall have the satisfaction of hearing that——

‘ Great lords and fair dames to his song gave an ear.’”

And Mary, actuated by the same benevolent feeling which she saw influenced her father, was content to sing notes and words which would not allow her to make the most even of her own moderate powers.

SONG.

“ I love to rove in greenwood glen,
When the dew hangs on the thorn ;
The jocund lark sings blythest then,
To hail the rising morn.
To hail the rising morn, he flings
His wild notes on the air ;
And soft and sweet the echo rings
From clouds light floating there.

“ I love in greenwood shade to lie,
When the sun plays on the stream ;
And there, with vacant, half-shut eye,
Muse o’er some blissful dream.
Muse o’er some blissful dream, and call
The flowers that fancy wreathes
Mine for one hour of joy—while all
Around of rapture breathes.

“ I love in greenwood deep to stray,
Where the stately wild buck bells ;
And watch the lapse of closing day,
As the breeze of the evening swells.
As the breeze of the evening swells, I hear
The voice of the day that is past ;
And though morn, noon, and eve of my days are dear,
Yet I look and I long for—my last.”

Mary’s voice was soft and plaintive, and well accorded with the simple air she sung. The gentlemen said the usual civil things expected on these occasions ; and Miss Hopewell being requested to play, failed not to seize the moment of languor and disappointment, (for the English gentlemen present she knew were judges of musical performances,) and commenced, *con spirito*, a celebrated concerto,

which she played in a masterly manner. At its conclusion the plaudits were loud and long; and the southerners, it must be confessed, considered the day as having gone against them. But not so.—Maria Belcour, colouring at the consciousness that much was expected, took her seat at the piano, and ran over a prelude with such exquisite taste and execution, that the company, and particularly lord Umberdale, with difficulty suppressed the expression of their admiration in audible terms. Accompanied by her sister, she sung a duet; and whilst their voices blended in notes of the richest and sweetest harmony, the skilful touch of her fine fingers produced so delightful an accompaniment of soft and mellow sound, that when it ceased, lord Umberdale, after some moments of the most flattering silence, declared, in the words of Comus, that—

“Such divine enchanting ravishment,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
He never heard till then.”

“ In evil hour,” thought the Miss Hopewells, “ did we cross the Potomac ;” for it was but too evident that the star of the southern belles was lord of the ascendant ; and Miss Emily’s hopes of a speedy presentation at the court of St. James’s, and Miss Jane’s prospect of being hailed lady Umberdale, were melting into thin air before its influence.

The reader will ask, where sat doctor Clapperton the while all this talking and singing were going on ? The doctor, as he left the table, recollected he had a chemical process in hand, and that it was even then, as he fancied, at the very moment of projection ; and helter skelter had he hurried home, thinking of nothing less than of Africa and golden joys. I never learned what was the precise nature of the doctor’s expectations at this particular time. It might, for aught I know, have been a revival of the old project of reconverting shavings into deal-boards, or of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers.

At all events, it was one of equal promise; and though fated to find his scheme abortive, it was a kind of disappointment he had so often experienced, and had, besides, so many plans *in petto*, that he bore it like a philosopher, and returned with all speed to the Hall, where he arrived, stewed in haste, just as the Miss Belcours were in the middle of their song.

Doctor Clapperton considered himself to have made nearly, if not quite, as much progress in the knowledge of all that appertained to the fine arts, as he had done in the more abstruse and even occult sciences; and seizing on luckless Mr. De Vapour, for whom he professed a particular regard, in consequence, as he said, of the old intimacy which had subsisted between him and doctor De Vapour, he began a most learned disquisition on the matter in hand, namely, the music they had just heard.

“I am a great admirer, sir,” said he, “of the duetto, and would be extremely glad to be favoured with your opinion as

to the where and when did counter-point, or modern harmony, begin. I myself, sir, hold with Ludovico Guicciardini, and the abbé Du Bois, that it did not owe its origin to the French."

"I have no knowledge on the subject, sir," said Mr. De Vapour, in a manner so cold and forbidding, that any other man but the doctor would have declined any further disquisition on the subject; but he was not to be so put off.

"Well, I am surprised at that," said he; "your uncle, Mr. De Vapour, was particularly fond of these little niceties, and had a very pretty notion, sir, of music and poetry. But perhaps, sir, you possess the antiquarian research of your worthy uncle. Do you know, Mr. De Vapour, that we—that is, your uncle doctor De Vapour and myself, identified the spot where king Hardicknute emptied the Danish horn at a draught, which was the occasion of his immediate death? did you never hear a song your uncle wrote on that me-

morable event? I think, sir, if I remember me, the first verse ran thus—

‘ Here Hardicknute his drink, oh brute !

Did swill from Danish horn,

Till, splitting wide his throat—he died,

And of his life was shorn.’

I will endeavour to recollect the whole of it, for I assure you it was all as good as the verse I have quoted; and I make no doubt the Miss Belcours, who sing very well, but that they do not sufficiently attend to the use which may be made of the *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, will be glad to hear it; and I think I shall be able to give them some little idea of your uncle’s manner of singing it.”

The slightest word, which could in any way be supposed to place Mr. De Vapour’s family in a ridiculous point of view, would, above all things, harrow up his soul; and even the Miss Hopewells, who knew his sensibility on the subject, could scarce refrain from smiling when they found, by the doctor’s preliminary hems,

that he was about to favour the nephew with a sample of his uncle's singing.

"The ladies will favour us with another song, I hope," said Mr. De Vapour, turning hastily from the doctor.

But the doctor was never shy of exhibiting his talents, which he really considered as universal; and to the infinite amusement of all but unfortunate Mr. De Vapour, he gave him, as he said, a fac-simile of his uncle's manner of singing his beautiful canzonet, commemorative of the death of king Hardicknute; and as he did not fail to embellish it with all the graces which flow from a due attention to the *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, the effect was so irresistibly ludicrous, that the company were convulsed with laughter; but when the good doctor, after this exhibition, gravely turned to Mr. De Vapour, and asked him if he inherited any of his uncle's musical powers, even Mrs. Belcour's politeness was unable to stand the rueful countenance of the indignant Englishman.

Nothing topples down the barriers of form and ceremony so soon as that vibration of the air which is caused by a good hearty laugh. The colonel's glee was uncontrollable, and he actually laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks; and lord Umberdale, delighted to see a man who had figured in camps, and whose voice was still heard with applause in senates, thus retaining his simplicity, his good humour, and almost infantile faculty of deriving amusement and pleasure from the passing scene, and at the same time entranced by the fascinations of the colonel's fair countrywomen, felt as if he was on enchanted ground.

Who has not experienced some few, short, golden moments, when the genial flow of our feelings warms the heart with benignity, and endows it with such peculiar capacity for receiving pleasure, that the tide of our affections overflows its accustomed limits, and all we love seems lovelier! The charms of inanimate nature are heightened to the ear and to the

eye—the murmurs of the passing gale breathe softer and sweeter, and the lowliest flower of the valley blooms more fragrant and more fair !

Such was the enviable state of lord Umberdale's mind as he approached an open window, from whence the sun was seen making a glorious set, and giving, by the bright track of his fiery car, the promise of a goodly day on the morrow.—“ Miss Belcour,” said he, leading Maria to the window, for the company were walking about the room, in accustomed sociability—“ Miss Belcour, I never before knew how much was due to Columbus for discovering such a world as yours—no, never did I behold objects so grand, so beautiful, so lovely !”

As he pronounced the last word, his eye rested on an object not altogether so distant as the sun ; and the blush which that look and expression called up was as beautiful, according to lord Umberdale's notion, as his rising or his setting beams ; but his lordship knew too well what was due to Miss

Belcour, to suffer her confusion an instant. —“ De Vapour,” said he, taking his arm as he passed, “ look at *that*; can you believe yon brilliant luminary, as he sets in his western tent, and leaves, as he retires, all ether in a blaze—can you believe it is the same puny, little orb, that shines out in England, whenever our mists and fogs will give him a chance?”

There had, probably, never been a moment in Mr. De Vapour’s life, until the precise instant at which this question was addressed to him, in which he would not have fired at the assertion, that the sun belonging to the *tight little island* was not bigger, and did not shine brighter on that favoured spot than on any other clime or country in the universal world. The matter was, he was at the moment taking a bird’s-eye view of an immense field of wheat, now ripe unto harvest; nor did the corresponding length of the reaper train, retiring from the labours of the day, escape his notice.—“ This is no time,” thought he, “ to be quarrelling with the

sun that shines on such good things as are to be seen round Hopewell Hall ;” and he answered with an air meant to be wonderfully gracious, that it was a prodigious fine country—“ prodigious fine country indeed ! But Miss Hopewell is taking her seat at the tea-table, and I must offer my poor services by way of assistance.”

Lord Umberdale exchanged a smile of arch meaning with Miss Belcour at this unwonted alertness on the part of the stiff Englishman—“ You see,” said he, “ notwithstanding the jeers of our good neighbours the French, that we are made of penetrable stuff, after all.”

Maria was never more willing to believe it, for the great resemblance which lord Umberdale bore to Percy was now increased by the unusually lively and animated expression of his countenance ; yet, with the remembrance of that unfortunate person, came a pang of self-reproach.—“ Am I already so happy ?” she asked herself ; but an air of gaiety was now necessary, and, as a faithful historian of that

day's deeds, I am bound to say, it cost her no great effort to assume it.—“Your lordship's sensibility to the beauties of our wild country will mark *you* guiltless of the Gallic charge,” said Maria.

“Miss Belcour,” he replied, as he again turned to the window, “I fear you will think me an enthusiast, but I cannot behold the beauty and grandeur of this new world without the deepest emotion; and though I know there are many of my countrymen who consider the feeling as overstrained, yet believe me, Miss Belcour, it is that of the purest patriotism. Yes, I view you as a nation by whom we are, not at some future period of time to be rivalled, if not surpassed, but rather as a nation by whom our religion, laws, literature, customs, manners, and refinements, are to be perpetuated, and extended over regions so unbounded, that the mind of man cannot yet grasp their limits.”

“You make me feel quite proud of my country, my lord,” said Maria; “and I assure you, I am doubly anxious it should

make a good appearance in eyes so friendly. But we are a young—very young people, my lord, and you must make us great allowances.”

Lord Umberdale made no commonplace compliment, but proceeded—“Is it not strange, that possessing as we do one common ancestry and origin, speaking the same language, and refined as we are by the same streams of intellectual pleasures, we English should be ignorant of a state of society so much like our own, that, while enjoying its delightful association, we lose the recollection that the Atlantic rolls between it and the white cliffs of Albion?”

“This is flattering indeed, my lord,” said Maria, as, with a pleased and inquiring glance, she endeavoured to ascertain by whom this polite effusion of the noble stranger’s sentiments was heard.

“I am above flattery on a subject so interesting,” he said, with an air of kind, though serious cordiality: “my countrymen may affect to disparage the style and

manner of living, yet I do assert, without the fear of contradiction, that in no spot on the habitable globe can the natives of Great Britain or Ireland forget they are not at home, except in the United States of America. We are, and we must ever be, one people, Miss Belcour, so long as we share with you our Shakespeares, our Miltons, our Drydens, our Popes, our Thomsons."

Maria was about to attempt a due acceptance of this animated panegyric on her country, when, as she lifted her eyes towards him, she perceived that his countenance had assumed a deep, though pleasing appearance of solemnity, and he added—"Above all, Miss Belcour, do we not read the same Bible? and does not the faith, the church, and, to a great extent, the form of worship of the Cranmers, the Ridleys, the Latimers, belong equally to you and to us?"

"Thank you, my lord," said Maria, with unaffected fervour—for the serious import of his last observation inspired her

with a respect for his character and sentiments which banished reserve—"I thank you for rendering us a measure of justice which we have not always received. Our manners have been greatly misrepresented in England."

"Misrepresented!" said lord Umberdale warmly—"they have been vilely calumniated!"

"They have indeed!" replied Maria, and a by-stander must have smiled (delightedly however) at the kindling glow of patriotism with which her beautiful features were lighted up.—"The generality of travellers," she proceeded to say, "who visit our country, come to see a *new* world: they have no wish to observe cities, and cultivated fields, but pass directly to the frontier settlements, and most unjustly and unfairly give to their countrymen, on their return home, a picture of American manners as strange to us as it is to them."

"Nor are your writers entirely guiltless," said lord Umberdale. "I am fully

aware, that as yet the brightest talents in the country have been employed in matters of higher import; yet, from your poets and novelists we might have gained something, had not they, like the English travellers you mention, almost without exception, hied to the woods or the camp; they have not, as yet, taken us to your drawing-rooms."

"Nay, my lord," said Maria, smiling, "blame them not; our drawing-rooms are not yet fit for exhibition."

"Not fit!" cried lord Umberdale, looking round—"not fit——"

"Hold—hold, I beseech you!" said Maria, laughing, though blushing deeply; "I declare I did not, in my zeal to defend my countrymen, see the obligation I was laying you under."

Lord Umberdale was still affirming his sincerity, protesting that he meant no less than he expressed, when Maria was summoned to the piano, to which he accompanied her.

"We are not yet entirely independent

of the old countries," said Maria, as she turned over the leaves of a music-book ; " yet, if the tune be foreign, the words shall be domestic;" and, after a prelude executed in the finest style, she played over the notes of the beautiful air of "The Flowers of the Forest," and then sung to it the following

SONG.

" Hope, sweet deceiver,
So false to me ever,
Depart, with thy prospects, so vain, yet so fair ;
No more thy shrine attending,
No more on thee depending,
You promis'd me pleasures, and brought me despair.

" In love's tender anguish
You taught me to languish,
And told me that Delia my cares would o'erpay ;
But she my fondness flying,
And pity's balm denying,
Has left me in sorrow to waste life away.

" Her heart, which so often
I woo'd her to soften,
To me more ungentle, more harden'd, still grows ;
Her brow so sweetly smiling,
Her looks so care-beguiling,
By blessing another but heightens my woes.

“ What is then remaining
For me but complaining,
As pensive I wander alone through the grove ?
Each soft idea quitting,
And to my fate submitting,
Adieus still repeating, to hope and to love.”

“ You perceive, my lord,” said colonel Hopewell, as Maria concluded her song, “ that the poor lover in the new world is subject to all the sad catalogue of evils which await him in the old ; we have here scorn, cruelty, and inconstancy, in as much perfection as can be found on the other side of the Atlantic.”

“ A little scorn and cruelty,” replied lord Umberdale, gaily, “ may be now and then necessary ; but for inconstancy, it is a thing so every way hateful, that I wish it had never reached your happy shores.”

As he pronounced the word “ inconstancy,” his eye, unintentionally on his part, fixed on that of Maria. There was a confusion, an embarrassment, in her lovely countenance, which, at the mo-

ment, surprised, and even distressed him; and though his first thoughts on the subject were quickly dismissed, as being entirely groundless, yet, in after time, his memory often recurred to that look, occasioning sensations which he could not account for or banish.

At an early hour the Miss Hopewells proposed to retire, and the company separated for the night.

END OF VOL. I.

Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall-street, London.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

PRINTED FOR

A. K. NEWMAN & CO.

LEADENHALL-STREET, LONDON.

	£ s. d.		
Augustus and Adelina, or the Monk of St. Bernardine, a romance, by Miss C. D. Haynes, 4 vols.	1	0	0
Sisters of St. Gothard, by Elizabeth C. Brown, 2 vols... ..	0	10	6
St. Margaret's Cave, or the Nun's Story, by Mrs. Helme, new edition, 4 vols.	1	2	0
Soldier of Pennaflor, or a Season in Ireland, 2d edition, 5 vols.	1	10	0
The Advertisement, or Twenty Years Ago, 2d edition, 3 vols.	0	15	0
Iskander, or the Hero of Epirus, by Arthur Spencer, 3 vols.	0	15	0
The Castle of Villa Flora, a Portuguese Tale, by a Bri- tish Officer, 3 vols.	0	16	6
The Black Convent, a Tale of Feudal Times, 2 vols ..	0	11	0
Man as he is, by the author of Man as he is not, 3d edi- tion, 4 vols	1	0	0
Castle of Santa Fé, a romance, 2d edition, 4 vols.	1	0	0
The Highlander, a Tale of my Landlady, 2 vols	0	11	0
Bravo of Bohemia, or the Black Forest, 2d edit. 4 vols. .	1	0	0
Hesitation, or To marry or not to marry, 3 vols... ..	0	18	0
The Intriguing Beauty, and the Beauty without Intrigue, a tale, 3 vols.....	0	18	0
Disorder and Order, by Amelia Beauclerc, author of Montreithe, &c. 3 vols.	0	16	6
Dacresfield, or Vicissitudes on Earth, by Cordelia, chief Lady of the Court of Queen Mab, 4 vols.	1	0	0
Leolin Abbey, by Miss Lefanu, 3 vols.	1	1	0
Veteran, or Matrimonial Felicities, 3 vols.....	1	1	0

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing Agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date:



AUG 1996
BOOKKEEPER

PRESERVATION TECHNOLOGIES, INC.
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Twp., PA 16066
(412) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00014690098

